

# American Monthly Magazine

---

VOL. III. WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1893. No. 3.

---

## OLD BRISTOL.\*

ANNA B. MANCHESTER.

Bristol was an Indian township long before the white people sought a home within its limits. Beautiful for situation, with its well-wooded lands and sheltered inlets of the broader bay, it offered a quiet, safe retreat for the Wampanoags. Dearly did they love their Montaup Lands, and most reluctantly did Massasoit and his son relinquish a portion of the premises to the Plymouth Colony.

By royal decree, on the fourteenth of September, 1680, for the sum of £1,000, the land was sold to four Boston merchants, Byfield, Walley, Oliver and Burton, and a settlement was immediately begun. Of the seventy-six persons who, at the first town meeting, were admitted as citizens, it is interesting to know that descendants of more than one-half of these are at present residents of the town and bear the same names. We learn that the town rapidly increased in wealth and population, and soon became one of the wealthiest in the colony. Five years later Bristol was made a shire town, which position it has ever since held.

It was the custom to open and close the town meeting with prayer; and any one who left the meeting before the closing prayer was fined one shilling. This was one of the Puritan ideas imbibed when Bristol was a part of the Plymouth Colony, and before it had become a part of the Roger Williams Colony.

---

\*A paper read before the Bristol Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Bristol, Rhode Island.

The statement is valuable, as showing the attachment of the people to Puritan customs. But the government, as a part of the land of Roger Williams, was very different from the stern, inflexible rule of the Plymouth Colony. "The people readily acquiesced," says Arnold, "in what was to them a new, but congenial, method of government; and no portion of the State was ever more loyal to its institutions, and more spirited in their support, than were the people of the four towns, Tiverton, Little Compton, Warwick and Bristol, who had so long, as a part of the Plymouth Colony, felt the injustice of the Puritan system."

I ask you, in imagination, to take a stroll with me "up and down the shady streets of this dear old town" and note a few of the historic landmarks.

In 1766 the old courthouse would seem to have served its purpose. Probably for three-quarters of a century it had been the hall of justice to which all persons in the colony having real or fancied grievances had turned for adjustment of their difficulties. We find that the General Assembly, in June, 1766, made an appropriation to build "a new Court House on the site of the old one." Do not for a moment suppose that "the site" was that of our present courthouse! No. The first courthouse of Bristol, and the second, stood exactly in the middle of State Street, just east of Hope Street. But State Street, under the Royal Grant, was known as King Charles Street, later as King Street, and its present appellation is of much more recent date. But the people called this thoroughfare by a more democratic name. By young and old it was always called Pump Lane; and the orthodox town pump, rendered immortal by one of our New England authors, stood just below the courthouse, and nearly opposite where stands the present fountain, which, though perhaps more convenient, is certainly not so picturesque as its predecessor. And just below, still nearer to the water, shut in now from the gaze of the passer by, stands one of the original buildings of Bristol—the old Walley house, built by John Walley, whose name stands first on the Grand Deed which conveyed the land to the four Boston merchants. It is a commodious, two-story house. Its beams are of solid oak. In its early days it occupied a

commanding position, and from the windows the occupants had an unobstructed view of the bay. But, in these later days smaller buildings and, if truth must be told, of no enviable reputation surround it; and the house that once opened its hospitable doors to the noted men and women of those colonial days, has become a third-rate tenement house. Ichabod is written upon its walls.

The first building for public worship was erected by the Congregational Society in 1781, on the spot where the present courthouse stands; and there, for one hundred years, the congregation met. Then the building was torn down, the site was relinquished and the new building was erected in the middle of Bradford Street, just east of Hope Street. It was an imposing building with its broad, high flight of steps and lofty, pointed steeple. Inside were the straight, square pews, the great, high pulpit, the deacon's seat in front and sounding board overhead. Later the square pews and sounding board yielded to more modern tastes, but the high pulpit kept its place until the building, some thirty-five years ago, was handed over to the town for a town hall, for which purpose it is still used.

Without intending to do so, in our search for historic spots we have strolled northward. Let us keep on in this direction, and pause a moment at the corner of Oliver Street. We see only a vacant lot and the débris of an old cellar. But here stood, in the colonial days, a house of generous proportions, commanding, from its high position, a fine view of the harbor. The house long ago fell into decay and, a few months since, was torn down. Lodged in its rafters was found a cannon ball weighing six pounds—a souvenir of the British bombardment.

A minute's walk and we come to the bridge. In the old records this is usually spoken of as the North Bridge, or the bridge over the North Creek, to distinguish it from a smaller bridge in the south part of the town nearly opposite Walker's Island, and known as South Bridge. Just beyond this North Bridge, on the east side of the road, stands the first house erected within the limits of Bristol. Built in 1680, it has withstood the storms of two centuries. The years have dealt gently with it, and the loving hands of its successive occu-

pants, while making repairs and alterations, have taken care to preserve the character of its architecture. The southwest room remains as it was when, in 1680, the people of the little settlement gathered within its walls for their first religious service. The house has always been owned and occupied by the descendants of the first owner. Standing at the head of the harbor, in full view of the water, it afforded an excellent target for the British when they bombarded the town; and some of the balls went crashing through the walls and lodged in the rafters, where they remained undisturbed for more than a century—then, when it became necessary to make repairs, the balls dropped from their hiding place and are now preserved as valued relics. And speaking of relics, I may say that, could a relic hunter obtain entrance within this house, he would grow green with envy at the sight of the old furniture, the dainty china and bric-a-brac, all telling of a by-gone century. Each piece has its history, which, if written, would read like a romance. But these Lares and Penates are not for sale, and relic hunters need not waste their time making inquiries.

We have tarried here too long, and will go on our way again, until a turn in the road leads us to the Poppasquash drive. Here we have a view of the entire harbor. We can look way down where once the vessels of the British fleet came up, bombarded the town and made demands for supplies. But very calm and peaceful are the waters in this year 1681. No sailing craft of any kind may be seen. The fishes have quiet possession, and the sea fowl skim unmolested over the surface. The peninsula itself is thickly wooded. Here, tradition says, the Indians were wont to send their squaws and papposes whenever there was conflict between the tribes, and from this fact it takes its name of Pappoose-squaw or Poppasquash, as it is named in the Grand Deed. For want of a better legend, we will accept this as the origin of the name.

Almost the whole of Poppasquash became the property of Mr. Byfield, and here he built a large house of stout oak timber. It was a camelopard, two stories high in front, and fronted south. A large double door, about six feet wide, opened to receive its guests. The two front rooms were each



sixteen feet square, with sanded floors. The chimneys were immense, and each room had its huge fire-place. But, alas! the house has succumbed to the storms and winds, and its only traces are to be found in some of the beams, which are in the out-buildings on the farm. Farther to the south, at the end of the peninsula, is the Point Farm, in those days the property of Nathaniel Kay, and left by him in his will to St. Michael's Church.

We will turn our faces homeward, and go by the old place known in the colonial days as the Vassal estate. Here is a well-built, two-story house, with a wide hall and wainscoted stairway, broad piazzas, and a front facing the harbor. The oak timbers were all brought from England. Vassal himself was a prominent man in Massachusetts before the Revolution. A member of the Church of England, a Tory, and loyal to the Crown, when the war broke out he was obliged to leave; his estate was confiscated, and his name disappeared from history.

On our right is gently-rising meadow land, where we catch glimpses of white marble. A woman, whose name Bristol delights to honor, with reverent care restored and marked this spot, which is the private burying-ground of Byfield, where some of his family lie buried.

As we reach the main road let us turn northward to take a look at the La Fayette house, now owned by Mr. John Post Reynolds. In 1778 the great-grandmother of Mr. Reynolds was informed that her house was to be the headquarters of the Marquis, and she immediately began to make suitable provisions for her distinguished guest. The commodious house, standing in the midst of extensive grounds, with the fruitful orchards and well-kept kitchen-garden—and just in the rear the pretty mill pond, with the mill upon its bank where the family grist was ground—all betokened very comfortable quarters for the French General. Somewhat earlier than he was expected, a young Frenchman rode up to the house and dismounted. Supposing him to be a subaltern, Mrs. Reynolds sent her colored servant, Cato, to conduct him to the rooms intended for the subordinates. The young man asked for something to eat, and was soon seated at the table prepared for

the Marquis. He ate heartily and seemed disposed to take his own time, so that Mrs. Reynolds was constrained to ask him to hasten, that she might have time to re-arrange the table for her expected guest. Perhaps her astonishment can be better imagined than described when the young French officer quietly announced that he was the visitor for whom she had been making such elaborate preparations. The northwest front room on the second floor is still called La Fayette's room.

Turning southward once more we must remember that we are on the same road and going in the same direction that the British soldiers took on the 25th of May, 1778, when they raided the town, burned the houses, took what valuables they could lay their hands on, frightened the children, and insulted the women. But it is not the place, here, to dwell upon the havoc that was brought upon this quiet town.

We may not pass Byfield Street without notice, for it was on this street, on the spot where now stands the house belonging to the estate of the late Hon. I. F. Williams, that Byfield built his own house, a large, square house, two stories in height, with a great chimney fourteen feet square, standing nearly in the centre. In this house, in the early days, the first town-meetings were held. This street was planned by Mr. Byfield as a driveway to his house, and he opened Milk Street that he might the more easily reach his stable, which stood on Church Street on the spot now occupied by the large three-story tenement building.

The south part of the town, though laid out, had few houses. None are left; and but one has need of mention in this sketch. This was the house of Mr. William Walker, on the road as it winds around and skirts Walker's Cove. We have no information as to the architecture of this house, but it must have been spacious, according to the conditions of the settlement, as the first service of the Church of England was held here in 1721. These services resulted in the founding of St. Michael's parish, which thus became the third in Rhode Island. The first being Trinity, Newport, and the second, St. Paul's, of the Narragansett country now called Wickford. Not far from the site of the Walker house was the private graveyard of the Walker family, and the old stones can still be seen. The oldest stone bears this quaint inscription:

"John ye son of Thomas & Elizabeth Walker,  
who dyed May the 3d 1719 aged 34 years.  
Hee was furst born of this race  
and furst buried in this place."

Thomas Walker, one of the first settlers, who died August 7, 1724, in the seventieth year of his age, also lies in the same place.

On High Street there is one historic house, on the west side, between Bradford and Franklin Streets; a remarkably long building, running east and west, with two entrances on its southern front. During the Revolution, this house stood on Poppasquash, and was used as a barrack by our own soldiers. Later, it was moved across the harbor, on the ice, to its present location.

All Hope Street, from the Ferry to the North Bridge, is historic ground. On the 13th of March, 1781, General Washington, landing at the Ferry, passed along this road on his way from Newport to Providence. Every inhabitant of the town turned out to do him honor. Mounted citizens constituted themselves his escort. As he passed the courthouse, then standing in the middle of State Street, a salute was fired. At the corner of Bradford Street, the people, dressed in their Sunday clothes, were assembled to show their respect. The men and boys were grouped on one side, the women on the other; and the ground was strewn with flowers and branches. When he reached the bridge, Washington turned and thanked the people for their courtesy. From that day a loyal school-mistress required her pupils to repeat in concert, at stated times:

"In seventeen hundred eighty-one  
I saw George Washington."

Mount Hope, and all that region of land known as the Mount Hope farm, at the time of the Revolution, was confiscated, being owned by a Tory who was obliged to flee the country. It was purchased in 1781 by William Bradford, and in a house then standing on the farm he spent the rest of his life. While United States Senator in 1793, Mr. Bradford entertained President Washington for a week at this same house, on the broad

piazza of which, clad in the picturesque costume of the time—velvet knee-breeches, silver buckles, with ruffles at the breast and around the hands, and powdered hair—they promenaded up and down, and talked together by the hour.

The old "back-road" as it was called in those days is now dignified with the name, Metacom Avenue; a delightfully picturesque road. On either side are the low walls of native stone which time has daintily decorated with delicate moss and lichens, while the wild sweet-briar trails over them in loving company with the clustering blackberries, and the scarlet barberries; and above towers the stately sumach with its haughty crimson crest. Then, reaching up above them all, the great forest trees wave their mighty branches against the sky, while through their dense foliage, the sun scarcely penetrates. And so we fare on until we reach a little settlement called Munro Town. Most of the people in these houses are descended from Joseph Munro, a Revolutionary soldier who participated in the Battle of Rhode Island. His father's house still stands on the corner of Metacom Avenue and Vernon Street, leading into Warren. Turn to the right and we shall see the little graveyard where he lies buried, formerly an old Indian burying-ground overlooking Kickemuit River.

We have reached the limits of Bristol, and have come to the old dividing line between Bristol and Warren. We are on the road leading to Swansea, where lived William Ingraham, who acted as attorney in the transfer of the land to the four Boston merchants on the 16th of September, 1680, when a curious but simple ceremony was observed. Ingraham took his stand upon the land to be sold together with the four purchasers. Breaking a twig from the nearest bush, and plucking a bit of turf from the ground, he handed both to Mr. Walley. With this act the possession of the land was transferred.

The Bristol of to-day is not the Bristol of two hundred years ago. The same sky is above; the same blue waters of the Narragansett kiss the shores; the rising sun still gilds the waters of Mount Hope Bay, and its last western beams now, as then, shine aslant across our beautiful harbor. Some of the same old trees yet wave their branches in the air, and birds build their nests beneath the sheltering foliage. But the old

houses, with two or three exceptions, are gone. And the people, too, have long since laid down their weary burden of life, and, folding their hands across their breasts, have fallen asleep. Their children's children, even to the fourth and fifth generations, have built for themselves more convenient houses; have laid out new streets; have changed even the business of the town, and are engaged in pursuits of which, in those early days, our forefathers did not even dream. But ever and anon we, their descendants, turn back the leaf of history and read of what they endured and suffered. Let it be our duty, as the daughters of these people, to guard as a sacred trust their memory and their honor.



## SOME WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

*For the Continental Congress, February 23, 1893, by Mrs. DeWitt Clinton  
Mather, representing the New Jersey Chapters.*

At a fashionable dinner this winter in one of our great cities, a young lady inquired, what all the talk of Revolutionary Societies amounted to? Had Americans an ancestry? Were they not all working people, coarse and mean, something not to be proud of? Society generally appears to entertain the belief that American ancestry is coarse and mean, something that it is better to ignore. It should be a part of the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution to enlighten society upon the subject of some American ancestry, and it will then depend upon society's standard of what is prized in pedigree whether or not such ancestry meets the requirements.

In the characters of blood in which so much of the early history of our country is written, an Indian raid is described. A school house was invaded, the teacher slain, the older boys tomahawked; then the bloody cavalcade swept on. The younger boys fled to the woods and secreted themselves in the underbrush and ditches; the girls stood around the dead body of their teacher, trembling and weeping, not knowing whether their fate was to be captivity or death. The chief of the band, a man as much dreaded for his ferocity as an African tiger, suddenly appeared and daubed each girl's apron with black paint, and told them when the Indians returned to hold up their aprons and they would be safe. As soon as he had disappeared, they made haste to call their little brothers and companions from their hiding places, and stretched about them also the garments that bore the Indian paschal sign. The warriors returning, passed them by unmolested. Boys and girls reared amid such scenes and under such influences, became the men and women of the Revolution. In every clime and country

heroic women have been extolled by historian and poet; they have been the theme of song and story, or romance and rondelay; but American women of the Revolution have either been passed in silence, or but slight mention made of their deeds of heroism. They were more generally true to the cause of Revolution than the men. They gave ungrudgingly and without security their slender savings; the few gems and ornaments they possessed, dear even to their disciplined hearts were pledged without a murmur, to raise money to aid the cause they had espoused. They converted their homesteads into fortifications and garrisoned them with their children. They induced the men of their families to join the army, and threatened them with desertion if they proved disloyal. Girls in their teens at dead of night would row across the dark southern rivers and wade through the swamps, or saddle their horses and ride through the dense forests of the north to carry dispatches, or information of importance to the commander of the army. If it be true, as the Egyptians believe, that it is through the female line family characteristics are transmitted, then it must be from the noble women of those days that American men derive the attributes that make them the leaders of the mightiest nation of the world.

Those who are watchful of the tendencies of an age, are apt to judge of national character by what they see on the surface of society. We must conclude that the character of American women has undergone a change since the Revolution if we contrast some women of that generation with the women of this. One incident of the Revolution describes a woman whose house was entered for plunder by a party of Hessian troops; she dispatched her child to call an officer, and with keys in hand stepped in front of the bureau where her valuables were concealed. Her resolution and courage kept the marauders in check until the officer arrived.

When the army was encamped at Bonhamtown, New Jersey, a woman was one day passing a deserted building, and glancing within she noticed a Hessian soldier asleep. Living near by, she hastened home, put on male attire, seized a gun, returned to the building and marched the Hessian at the muzzle of the gun into the American camp, a prisoner.



A woman of the Quaker faith, living in New York, was so much interested in the suffering of the American prisoners on the prison ships in the Wallabout, that she daily carried supplies of food and clothing to them, her husband rowing her over in a small boat throughout the inclement winter. Her efforts in their behalf came to the knowledge of Sir Henry Clinton, who banished her from New York. She went to Philadelphia, where she soon died from the effects of the exposure she had undergone. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, and paid her the unprecedented honor to adjourn and attend her funeral.

There is much fear expressed that we shall wear our subject threadbare. Can the story of the Revolution be told too often when people of fashion daily ask: "Were not such ancestors coarse and mean?" Let us further reply to these questions by a description of a home in the Revolutionary period. We shall choose one inhabited by a representative family of the time. The house is one story high, with an attic and shingled sides; the front door doubled—called a Dutch door—the upper one containing two round panes of thick glass, called "Bull's Eyes," to admit light to the hall. Within are well scrubbed floors, covered with the finest sand in festoons and figures, and above are polished rafters, cut in quaint device and pattern. Through the glass doors of the nutwood cupboard, shine, glittering in the sunlight, the generous pewter tankard, the two-eared cup and portly dram mug, a silver coffee-pot, porringer and ladle, property brought from the old homes of England or Holland. Here are delft ware tea-pot and bowl, a few fine china cups and saucers from which the precious tea is dispensed at five o'clock to guests who knit and gossip between the sips. A carved oak settle, over which is thrown a black bear skin, stands near the fire-place, while on the floor are rugs made from the skins of the panther and wildcat. A few pictures, engravings, and a portrait or two adorn the wall, with a colored coat of arms, inherited generally from those who first settled in the wilderness, and carefully preserved by them, the only mementoes of the ancestral home beyond the seas. Over huge fire-place hang musket and broadsword, fowlingpiece, and powder-horn. Beside the chimney are the trophies of the

hunt, the masks and brushes of numerous foxes, for they had fox clubs in those days; and many runs of forty miles in one day have the Revolutionary reynards given their hunters. In homes like this, the statesmen and soldier of the American Revolution found and wedded their wives.

Is it possible to honor too highly these ancestors—to dwell too much upon their character and deeds? We know not how soon those lessons of heroism and fortitude may be needed to stimulate us to resist the aggression of individuals and the corporate greed of wealth and power, worked out through the agency of the peasant hordes from foreign lands. The enemies we have most to dread are the alien, the ignorant, and the vicious, foes more deadly to our institutions than were the Hessian allies of England, for those were resisted while these are nourished in the centres of civilization, and subsist upon the wealth and patronage of that government which our ancestors sacrificed so much to create.

The Daughters of the Revolution, as an organization, have no grievances to redress, nor privileges to claim, but in memory of those noble women, whose representatives we are, we do entreat American men, sons of the Revolution, to overcome sectional prejudice, subdue political strife, and interpose their genius and their patriotism to protect us from the horrors of sedition, conspiracy, and misgovernment.

To us children—Sons and Daughters alike—was bequeathed this vast country, its government, and its possibilities of wealth and greatness. It was acquired by our ancestors at the cost of everything that the human heart holds dear, and we women of America do implore the men of America to perpetuate to our descendants this, our inheritance.

## HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF THE XAVIER CHAPTER.

*Read before the Continental Congress, February 23, 1893, by Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, representing the Xavier Chapter, Rome, Georgia.*

Far to the South, among the north Georgia hills, in the old country of the Cherokees, stands Rome, beautiful namesake of the "Eternal City," looking down upon the meeting waters, Etowah and Oostananla, as they mingle on the broad Coosa's bosom, seeming to chant a requiem to the departed braves. Here, where the evening sun sinking to its rest, casts the shadows of old Mount Alto, southern sentinel of the Alleghanies, Hernando de Soto, first of the pale faces, lit his campfires and tarried, resting many days ere he journeyed westward to the "Father of the Waters." Awe-struck and wondering, the innocent children of the forest welcomed him, and, still wondering, saw him disappear into the West. Long they hunted in the peaceful Alleghany valleys, on the banks of their best loved Coosa, and where the sunrays sifted through the blended foliage of the laurel, the cedar, and the pine on the long Blue Ridge slopes. Many recurring summers they celebrated the Boos-ke-tan, danced the Toc-co-yu-le-gan and the Pin-e-bun-gan, ere the pale faces came again. From the southern coast, Spanish, French, and English sent messengers into the mountain country seeking to ally the brave Cherokees; but they responded most readily to the overtures of the noble and benevolent Oglethorpe, remaining the friends of the English until the year 1757, when, through an unfortunate misunderstanding, a party of warriors returning from Fort Du Quesne, where they had acted as Braddock's allies against the French, were attacked by mountaineers in the back parts of Virginia. This ungrateful conduct from those whom they had just been defending, aroused a spirit of deep resentment and deadly retaliation. Hastily gathering, all the Cherokee

warriors rushed down upon the frontier settlements, and the work of massacre became general along the borders of North Carolina. Measures were promptly adopted for restraining these excesses, but it was only after successive treaties and expeditions under Montgomery, Grant, Marion, and Moultrie, that the Indians, still sullen and distrustful, returned to their villages. Here, behind the mountain barriers, they long felt secure from the encroaching settlers. But the traders, whom they welcomed, pointed out the path for the "Advance Guard of Civilization." Through the mountain defiles, by the broad and open war trail, which the Cherokees had themselves worn into the land of the Iroquois, came a small band of Carolina and Virginia settlers, led by the brave and resolute Robertson, to the fertile Watanga Valley, planting the germ of the future State of Tennessee on the hunting grounds of twenty thousand warlike savages. But not long did they dwell alone in the wilderness. The hand of British oppression was already heavy on the coast colonists, and many of the nobler spirited gladly emigrated to the new settlements. Among these came John Sevier, destined to become the guardian and defender of the newly planted civilization beyond the Alleghanies. Though himself a favorite with the English Governor of Virginia, and with every path to fame and fortune open before him in that State, he had within the inherent love of liberty prompting him in his departure for the western forests, where he realized the possibility of establishing a great empire of freemen. Descended from the ancient and honorable Navarrese family of Xavier (anglicised Sevier) in him were blended the force and fire of the chevalier and Huguenot, with the Anglo-Saxon characteristics of his maternal ancestors. This combination gave to him a personal magnetism, potent not only with his most cultured and congenial associates, but also with that large element fittingly represented by the ignorant Watanga woodsman of that day, who, mistaking a lone Scotch-Irish missionary, with rifle by his side, for a hunter, answered his inquiry as to whether there were any Presbyterian about by exclaiming: "Well, neow, stranger, I reckon that was hit I kilt yestiddy. We'uns didn't know what hit's name was, but thar's hits hide hung up to dry."

Though not versed in doctrinal matters, these people, with wits sharpened by adversity, could readily read human nature and soon learned to trust and depend upon John Sevier, or Nolichucky Jack, as they loved to call him from his place of residence. When the savages bore down upon the settlements it was John Sevier who led in the defense, or followed in pursuit, carrying such uniform destruction to the wigwam villages that while the Cherokees recognized in him the Nemesis of their nation, they attributed to him supernatural powers, and conceived for him a fanatical admiration. Through all the years of the Revolution, John Sevier and his little band of two hundred riflemen held the gateways of the Alleghanies against the Savage horde enlisted by Great Britain. Though their own cabins were destroyed, their own firesides drenched in blood, never one savage band broke into Carolina through the mountain defiles held by this "rear guard of the Revolution." Enjoying in their western homes behind the Alleghany barriers, that independence for which the Atlantic colonists fought, it was the purest and most unselfish love of liberty, and its principles which prompted the Watanga and Nolichucky settlers to join in the struggle against the British. It was when the cloud of defeat and disaster was darkest over the South, when the southern branch of the American army was almost annihilated, that Colonel Sevier, as eloquent of speech as daring in war, roused all the border men and rushed over the mountains determined to check the victorious British commander, Ferguson, in his triumphal course through Carolina. Reinforced by small bodies of Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia militia, this rapidly mustered and undisciplined body of men, hurled themselves with Napoleonic force against the well-nigh impregnable defenses of Kings Mountain, and in one short hour annihilated the left wing of Cornwallis' army. Well might Jefferson exclaim, with reference to this victory: "It was the joyful enunciation of that turn in the tide of success that terminated the Revolutionary war with the seal of our independence," for the result, in logical sequence, was the victory of Yorktown and attainment of more than we demanded. Can we wonder that in succeeding years the people whom he had guarded and defended, heaped upon John Sevier every

honor within their franchise to bestow. Would that time could permit us to accompany him through all these years as governor of the short lived State of Frankland, first representative in Congress from the valley of the Mississippi; Brigadier-General by Washington's appointment, and finally governor of the full fledged state of Tennessee, continuing, alternately, in this position, or that of Congressman until his death. It was in the territorial days of Tennessee, after Sevier's appointment as Brigadier-General, that the Indians, emboldened by their success in several raids upon the southern border, made a sudden, daring attempt to reach and destroy Knoxville, the capital of the Territory. But Sevier, twenty miles away, upon the frontier, was warned of their design in time, and with his gallant riflemen intercepted and repulsed the savages eight miles from their destination. Then, deeming it unwise to let this daring inroad against the very capital go unpunished, in twenty-four hours Sevier had collected a body of six hundred horsemen, and proceeded to deal a destructive blow against the heart of the Cherokee nation. Pressing down to the headwaters of the Coosa, on the future site of Rome, the brave Tennesseans, by a furious charge, completely routed and scattered the flower of the Cherokee warriors, there collected to dispute the passage of the river. This victory finally subdued the Indians—and never again during the life of Sevier did they venture to attack in force, the Holston settlements. Peace and Nolichucky Jack reigned upon the border. There still remained many unruly spirits; but as a nation, they began to adopt the habits of civilization, and John Sevier, the man whom they had fought for twenty years, became their most trusted counselor and friend. Not many years later they served with Andrew Jackson in his campaign against their old enemies—the Creeks; the Cherokee chieftain, Ridge, being first to cross the Creek breastworks at the famous battle of Tohopeka, or the Horseshoe Bend. Under civilizing influences the Cherokees settled down to the pursuits of peace, cultivated more and hunted less. Their intellectual progress is evidenced by the invention, a few years later, of a syllabic alphabet of the Cherokee language, by Sequoyah, a member of the tribe, dwelling twenty miles above the meeting of the waters. All through the North

Georgia hills the Indians built substantial homes; that of Major Ridge still remains upon the banks of the Oostanoola, under the shadow of ancient Fort Jackson, rising on the northern confines of Rome, a silent reminder of the achievements of "Old Hickory" in this section. In the years embraced between 1818 and 1838 the Cherokees gradually removed to their western reservation, where they now dwell an enlightened and intellectual people, of the four great Indian stocks originally found east of the Mississippi, the only one to escape extermination. After their departure, it was but a brief time until the beautiful hill country of North Georgia was dotted with comfortable farm houses, nestling among wide spreading trees and overlooking broad cultivated fields, laden with the golden riches of a coming harvest. Among the pioneers of this region were descendants of the Cavalier and the Puritan, the sturdy Scotch-Irish and the patriotic Welsh. In large numbers they came from every southern state, until, in the veins of our citizens, we trace the blood of the best and bravest of the Revolutionary heroes of the South. Here are many of the descendants of John Sevier, who cleared the way to this Heavens-blest land, whose granddaughter is the loved and honored Regent of the Rome Chapter of the Daughters of American Revolution, and in whose memory we have christened that Chapter the "Xavier." On our roster also are names of representatives of the family of the famous "Swamp Fox," General Francis Marion, of the other brave and intrepid Generals, Andrew Pickens and Daniel Morgan, all noble sons of South Carolina; of William Hooper, first delegate from North Carolina to the Continental Congress, and signer of the Declaration of Independence; of Georgia's brilliant Berrien; of faithful old General Jack; of the gallant Colonels, Watson, Holcombe, Cleveland, Clark, Word, and a long array of others noted for their bravery and not alone representing the Revolutionary South, but claiming kinship with the most honored of the northern patriots, both civil and military; with Samuel and John Adams, brave Ethan Allen, and even with some of the dear old Boston dames, who have been accredited with the honor of precipitating the war for Independence by their interest in the still unsolved tariff question, and their patriotic ob-



jections to the modern dame's delight, the "English High Teas." But whatever their blood, or lineage of Puritan or Cavalier stock, of the land of the Shamrock, the Rose, or the Thistle, or fired by the spirit of France and Navarre, all unite in their love for our common country, and their devotion to those high principles, which led our forefathers and mothers from home, land and kindred, and sustained them in the long and desperate struggle, begun in the fence-corners of Concord and Lexington, most gloriously terminated on the field of victorious Yorktown. Realizing their obligations to the men and women of 1776, who have left the precious legacy of civil and religious liberty, the Xavier Chapter clasp hands with noble women from Maine to California, from Canada to the Gulf, and as Daughters of the American Revolution, honor themselves and their common country, by recording the deeds, and rearing memorials to those who have given us this priceless heritage; while, by education, influence and Christian example, they seek to inspire the youth of this and coming generations, with that love of God, of country, and of home, which shall most surely make them worthy scions of their Revolutionary sires, and fit guardians and perpetuators of American Liberty.



## AN UNSEALED BOOK.

*For the Continental Congress, February 23, 1893, by Mrs. John M. Chretien, representing the Sequoia Chapter, San Francisco, California.*

From a land where acres of gold poppies open their glowing hearts to the sunlight, while flowers dream under the snow in Washington, Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution sends greeting to the National Society. A young Chapter in a young State, where even the winter never feels the chill of old age at its heart, though frosts whiten its temples, may not inappropriately make a plea for the children, who seem to have been overlooked in the otherwise excellent plans made by the Literary Committee of the National Board of Management, for encouraging the study of American history.

That there is an undeniable need for making such plans, and urging their adoption is proof that something valuable was lacking in young America's training when we were children, which we are bound to supply in the education of the children who are to take our places.

Many of us—perhaps a majority of us—have a better knowledge of English and French history than of our own, and are more familiar with the brave deeds of ancient Romans than with the heroism of those who gave us a country to love and to learn. If we have not taken up extended studies of American history by natural selection, and if we find it hard at first to live up to the course of reading suggested by the Literary Committee, it is not our patriotism that is at fault. The reproach belongs to the text books of American history, which, less than twenty years ago, offered little besides dessicated facts and cold dates to the hungry imagination of childhood, while the progress of other nations was set forth in warm colors with picturesque detail and thrilling effect.

Young brains seldom take kindly to bald information. They dearly love a story ; and if one would help them to fix a fact, or implant a principle, or germinate a taste, the surest way to success is through the art of the story writer. Older heads, with the habit of study, and the love of that particular study which it is the hope of the Daughters of the American Revolution to encourage and increase, do not need this aid to memory, though they undoubtedly like it. That children do, was proven to at least one teacher when she read the examination papers of a class of thirty-six bright girls at the end of one of the late sixties. "Mention some interesting incident of American history, and give a description of it," wrote the examiner ; and on thirty-four papers out of the thirty-six was written, "Captain John Smith was bound, his head was placed on a large stone, and just as the savages were lifting their clubs to dash out his brains, Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of Powhattan, rushed forward, clasped the captive's head in her arms, and begged that his life might be saved."

Of all the unshrinking sacrifices, the sublime heroisms, the stupendous issues of the Revolutions ; of all the landmarks in our wonderful growth as a nation ; of all our struggles with foes without and within, this was all that was left in thirty-four young minds that they could label "interesting," and the text book was wholly to blame, for this was the only bit of picturesque description in the book, and the only paragraph which did not bristle with a surplus of dates.

There has been a great improvement in text books and in methods of teaching since then ; but there is still room for more. If we would have the young generation grow up with a full knowledge of the history and the value of their heritage, a love for it so active, and a pride in it so intelligent that they will guard it faithfully from political corruption within, and the assaults of ignorant, vicious, and diseased immigration that threaten it from without, we cannot begin too early nor select the means too carefully. There are no beliefs as tenacious of life, no sentiments as lasting, no tendencies as strong as those acquired in childhood ; and one such lesson as Edward Everett Hale gave in "The Man Without a Country" does more than twenty text books ; one such poem as Oliver Wen-

dell Holmes wrote about the "Boston Tea-Party" is worth twenty cold historical descriptions, in helping to make patriotism take firm root in young America's mind.

The honorable descent by right of which we have all become members of this Society, has given each of us some fragment of the unpublished history of the Revolution; some story of intrepid courage, noble endurance, splendid leadership, or faithful allegiance which has been told at our firesides, and at those of our mothers and grandmothers. In the endeavor to collect these, have them cleared from the traditional aberrations that are unavoidable, and make them a useful and attractive factor in the early education of American children, the Daughters will do much to stimulate patriotism, and lead to a later love for more serious studies of our history. The book has been unsealed, but only the first pages have been written.

Who will fill up the blanks and make it a new and fascinating Wonder Book for American boys and girls?



## MRS. LUCY PRESTON BEALE.

Mrs. Lucy Preston Beale, of Virginia, upon whom has lately fallen, through election in the Continental Congress at Washington, the honor of Vice-Presidency General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, both in a manner and by a majority so complimentary as to render its refusal difficult to so appreciative and cordial a nature, is already widely known as a representative for her State to the Columbian Exposition.

Of an old historic family, distinguished in the annals of this and other states, her personal gifts and excellencies easily suggested her as a fitting representative of her State, with her rare beauty, her fluency of speech and womanly tact. Mrs. Beale was also chosen to personate Virginia in the assemblage of the "Original Thirteen" on the occasion of the formal celebration at Chicago, in October, 1892.

Mrs. Lucy Redd Preston Beale is a daughter of the late Honorable William Ballard Preston and Lucy Staples Redd, and was born in Montgomery County, Virginia, at the old family seat, Smithfield, a delightful, quaint old mansion, characteristic of the time in which it was founded by her great-great-grandfather, John Preston, in the early half of the last century. Here and there, throughout our State, a few of these rambling, capacious and interesting old structures survive the ravages of flood and fire, to recall the grand "olden time," when the landed proprietors of Virginia dwelt over the country in such rural castles, overlooking great estates which, in many cases, had been grants from the Crown to their ancestors for some service or distinction. They kept open house and lively cheer, and the hearthstone of the banquet hall was ever warm alike for kinsman or the honored guest. In none of these old Virginia homes was this elegant hospitality more lavishly dispensed than in that of Smithfield, the home of the Prestons. In these old Colonial mansions the carved mantel of the oak-

paneled chambers towered almost to the lofty ceiling, and the arched fireplace loomed, cavernous, in its genial, hospitable depths. In the wainscoted hall, or on the landing of the broad stairway, stood the stately household clock, the sentient genius of the homestead. The massive sideboard, within whose many recesses were found the potions which cheer (and sometimes inebriate); the three-cornered buffet gleaming with the heavy family silver; the canopied bedstead, whose ample breadth had embosomed the mysteries of birth and death through generations—all were features in the typical home of the Virginia gentleman of that day. When it was proposed to reproduce for the Virginia State Building at Chicago fac-similes of the original furnishings of the home of Washington, the Mt. Vernon interior, Mrs. Beale was able to save the State some expense by her offer to furnish several counterparts from the household belongings of old Smithfield.

The old records of Augusta County, Virginia, show John Preston, gentleman, great-great-grandfather of Mrs. Beale, to have been the progenitor of his race in this country. He was of English extraction, but married Miss Elizabeth Patton, of County Donegal, Ireland, and early in the last century is certified as "partaking of His Majesty's bounty in lands." He is also mentioned in old chronicles of Montgomery as one of the trustees of its county seat, Christiansburgh, established by law as such in the latter part of that century.

Among his sons was William Preston, member of the Virginia House of Burgesses when it began its spirited resistance to the mother country, in her unjust attempts to tax the Colonies. The dauntless stand taken by the Burgesses of Virginia, from the passage of the Stamp Act, and continuing on through the same violation of rights on the part of Parliament in its substitution of an import duty in place of direct tax, and culminating in the daring step of establishing a *committee of correspondence* with her sister Colonies, for inquiry into the various branches of their constitutional rights by the British Ministry as well, presents a record inferior to none for courage and boldness in the cause of liberty. It was in legislative halls that the War of the Revolution was first fought out, and while, too, it was yet a problem whether, when the tragic

consequences of their action should face the people, they might not, after all, be left without a backing. When once war is actually begun, it requires not so much nerve to range one's self upon this side or that, for courage rises vigorous with impending action; but for men under no excitement of arms, and sustained by no avowed determination to such resort, to deliberately, and in mere representative capacity, perpetrate treason to tyrants, argues an exalted spirit of self-sacrifice and heroism, which in its stalwartness and genuineness challenges the feverish, reckless dash of the active conflict. In reviewing the claims to ancestral service at the stormy birth of our nation, the respective merits of field and forum need not to be jealously weighed. The uncompromising Burgess, William Preston, was ready to maintain with his sword the principles he had promulgated as legislator, and on the field of Guilford Court House we find him pouring out his life blood for liberty.

Among the sons of Burgess William, was the grandfather of Mrs. Beale, James Patton Preston, member of the Virginia Senate, Colonel in the United States Army, and later, an honored Governor of Virginia. A son of this Governor was the father of Mrs. Beale, Honorable William Ballard Preston. In this noble citizen and elegant gentleman we find illustrated the same spirit and talents which characterized his patriotic ancestors. Serving in the Cabinet of President Zachary Taylor as Secretary of the Navy, called to the grave conventions of his State, in her most momentous crisis, clinging still to her service in the Senate chamber of the Confederacy, during its luckless existence, he is always the same inflexible and sagacious servant of his State and people.

It is always interesting in tracing a line of descent, to note the power of heredity, and find the qualities and talents descend from one generation to another. The qualities of the progenitor, John, and of the great-grandfather, Burgess William, have flowered forth in the sons, and we may say, daughters of their race, wherever, in this or other States, the name is found. Tracing the family tree from the first John down to his great-great-granddaughter of this sketch, we find upon its branches a Colonial Burgess, eleven officers of the Revolution, eleven generals in that and the several later wars; nine



Representatives in Congress, ten United States Senators, five Cabinet officers, five governors, a Vice-President of the United States, and numberless State officers ; while the daughters, celebrated for wit and beauty, have shone as queens of society in the role of wives of governors, cabinet ministers and foreign ministers. Among these statesmen's sons the very spirit and muse of oratory has dwelt in the persons of the Marshalls and Breckinridges, as well as those of the old Preston name.

But, for the claims of Mrs. Beale to Revolutionary prestige, we need not to depend alone on this line of her house, for it is found to be as well sustained in that of her gracious and accomplished mother, Lucy Staples Redd, the belle of her day, and heiress of an old Revolutionary family of Henry County, Virginia, who brought to the historic house of her husband, not only large possessions, but the ornament of a noble and refined personality. Those who knew Mrs. Preston well, who, impressed with the delicate play of her wit, the gentle dignity of her manner, had also measured the native strength of soul that gave solid charm and value to her womanhood, cannot, in approaching her household, forbear to dwell upon her who was the life and light of that house. The beauty and sweetness of her character, too true and strong to be marred by the adulations of earth, was fitly matched by the serene courage with which she met the trial of life ; and this quiet heroism is alluded to in these lines of a southern singer written after her death :

"Is it Smithfield of yore? Ah, desolate place!  
Thou mournest, alas, the sweet flower of thy race  
That the high moon of fortune nor earth's wrecking storm  
Could rob of its beauty or waste of its charm—  
That of life's day weary, too frail for its length,  
Was yet strong in its weakness and meek in its strength.  
O, we miss from thy portals that figure of grace ;  
Yes, we miss from thy hearthstone the light of a face,  
O, lost from thy echoes, the tones of a voice  
That wept with the weeping or bade joy rejoice ;  
There is gone from thy keeping a spirit so rare  
That broke is thy beauty, and shattered and bare."

This lady was the granddaughter of Major John Waller Redd, a gallant officer of the Revolution, who, for conspicuous

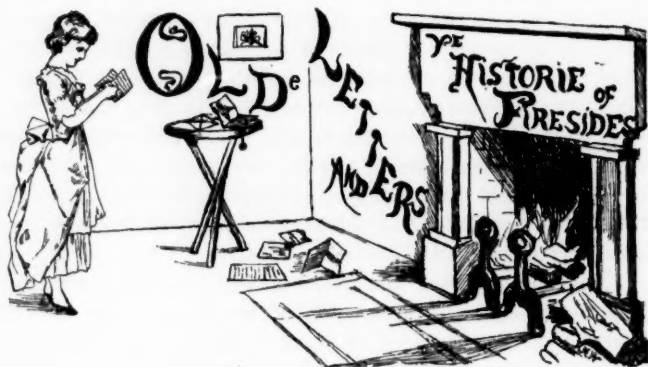
valor, was promoted on the field of Yorktown, where it is believed he fired the last gun of that battle. The last battle of the Revolution; the last gun fired! Fancy pictures the anxious soldier as he fires that last gun, and its echo seems still to sound the knell of tyranny; the pæan of freedom! And the old flint rifle that spake the closing word for liberty may still be seen. This old gun that carried the last shot of the Revolution, fired by the great-grandfather of Mrs. Beale, the gallant Major Redd, was among the first rifles made in America; was originally a flint and steel gun, but about fifty years ago, was changed to percussion; it weighs twenty-seven pounds, carries a half ounce ball, and is almost six feet long.

Thus, on both sides, the descendant of Revolutionary forefathers courageous on the field of battle and wise in the councils of their country, in Mrs. Beale we find the high courage which grapples with different enterprises, the talent that organizes, the executive force that urges to completion, the diplomatic instinct that lends all circumstances to the consummation of a determined purpose.

The offices to which Mrs. Beale has been called, are not of her own seeking; for, contented as a beloved wife in the happy home of an honored husband, she has found all that her true, womanly heart asks in his devotion and that of her children, to which is lavishly added the warmest attachment of a wide circle of friends.

B. D. F.

HYDE PARK, VIRGINIA.



[The following invitation was addressed to the sister of Col. Samuel Hammond, the father of the Regent of the Macon Chapter, in Georgia. The original invitation in possession of Mrs. Mary A. Washington was, according to the fashion of the day and place, or from the want of other cards, printed on a playing card "six of hearts."]

The company of Miss Hammond is requested on Monday evening next, at the house of Mr. Wambersie, to partake of a ball given by such of the late American officers as are now in or near Augusta, in commemoration of the birth-day of Gen. Washington.

ROBERT FORSYTH	} Managers.
THOMAS GLASSCOCK	
J. MERRIWEATHER	

AUGUSTA, *Thursday, 15th February 1787.*

#### SERMONS AND SUITORS.

The following account of two courtships of the olden time is sent by Mrs. Annie McDowell, as reminiscences of Mrs. Patton, related by her granddaughter Miss Caroline V. Reynolds, of Quincy, Ill.:

"The charming sisters, Blanche and Abigail Smith, of Connecticut, were daughters of a clergyman, and had for their

suitors the young, handsome, and accomplished divine, Zedariah Chapman and John Adams, who afterward became second President of the United States. The clergyman was very acceptable to the father of the girls. He was received with courtesy; when he called his horse had the best care, and every attention was paid him. The horse of the roliscome John did not fare as well; he stood at the post the whole evening, the cold winds blowing over him, while he shivered in the winter blast.

When Blanche went to ask her father's consent to her marriage with the Reverend Zedariah Chapman the reply was, "you have my cordial approval my child. Mr. Chapman will have a warm welcome in our home circle; now choose your text my darling and I will preach you a sermon." "Father," said Blanche, "this is my text: 'For Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her.'"

The young Abigail timidly approached her father as the time came to ask for his approval of her marriage to her lively young suitor.

When his reluctant consent was given he could do no less for this beloved daughter than preach her a sermon. "Father," said Abigail, "I know you will preach a sermon for me; this is my text: 'And John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil.'"

This was Mrs. Abigail Adams, who wrote those beautiful letters to her son, John Quincy Adams, when he was minister at the Court of St. James. It was said of her, "that whether presiding mistress of the White House or skimming milk at her country home, she was ever the faithful wife, the loving judicious mother or charming hostess."

Zedariah Chapman was a popular man and much beloved by all denominations. He was seized with his last illness while in the pulpit. His text and sermon on that occasion was from Second Timothy iv, 7: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, etc." He took a very active part in the Revolutionary War, was a firm and staunch patriot, and used all his energies in arousing his countrymen to resist and throw off the British power. As he frequently preached on this subject, he became so obnoxious to

the royalists, on account of his patriotism, that a reward was offered for his head. A club of about forty men took an oath that they would neither eat nor sleep till he was in their power. Knowing that he was to preach in a certain place on a specified evening, they repaired to the spot and placed themselves each side of the door for the purpose of seizing him when he came out. He knew their design, but his knowledge of it did not prevent his fulfilling his engagement. He preached one of his most thrilling and pathetic sermons. After pronouncing the benediction he came down from the pulpit and walked boldly through their ranks, bowing and speaking to them as he passed out; they did not make the least movement to detain him, the dignity of courage, or rather the power of the God of freedom, restraining their angry passions. At another time he was hotly pursued by a party of British soldiers and was almost within their grasp. At this moment he reached the summit of the mountain, when he wheeled his horse around, took off his hat, waved it in the air and gave three cheers; this bold manoeuvre led the soldiers to think the American Army was within sight of him, and hidden from their view by the rocks and trees of the Orangedale Mountain. Acting on this supposition they turned their horses and galloped away at full speed, leaving my grandfather to pursue his way in safety, the American Army being many miles in an opposite direction.

At another time the British had their quarters in his house at Orangedale. At night they had a supper, and becoming merry with their wine, they procured an old game cock, set him on the table and called him "the rebel preacher," and held a court martial over him. After going through the ceremonies of a trial, the sentence of decapitation was passed on him. As soon as it was pronounced old chanticleer clapped his wings and gave a loud crow, when an officer jumped up and with his sword cut off his head.

My grandfather served one year as Chaplain in General Washington's Army. Lafayette was a frequent visitor at his house, and when on his last visit to this country he made many inquiries about his old friend.

## SMALLWOOD'S IMMORTALS.

BY ELLA LORAIN DORSEY.

"I hear the distant thunder hum  
"Maryland, my Maryland!  
"The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum  
"Maryland, my Maryland!"

Although Maryland was a Palatinate, and could and did secure the repeal of the Stamp Act, within her borders, under Articles XV and XX of her Charter,\* her people were possessed of such intolerance of wrong, such peculiar independence of mind and character, such a passionate love of liberty, that as early as the Assembly of March 22, 1760, they had virtually ranged themselves on the side of the Revolution.

The Assembly of September 24, 1765, sounded the clarion-note, and in that remarkable body of men the first to spring to the standard of liberty were Samuel Chase, the beautiful youth of twenty-four, who already knew how to breathe into the hearts of his countrymen the deathless flame that burned in his own; John Hanson, afterwards President of the Continental Congress, and one of the two signers of the Articles of Federation; Thomas Johnson, the first Continental Governor of Maryland; those "four pillars of the Revolution," John Hall, George Plater, James Hollyday, and Thomas Cresap; and, finally, William Smallwood, afterwards commander of the Maryland Line, and the heroic leader of the heroes of this sketch.

A committee drew up Resolves which committed the province to the struggle that came ten years later, for they were "de-

\* See also the Law of the Province in 1650, that expressly declares: "No subsidies, aids, customs, taxes, or impositions, shall hereafter be laid, assessed, levied, or imposed, upon the freemen of the province, or on their merchandise, goods, or chattels, without the consent and approbation of the freemen, their deputies, or a majority of them, first had and declared in a general assembly of the province."

clarative of the constitutional right and privileges of the freemen of the province"—resolves that make the heart of every Marylander leap with pride, and that have rendered imperishable the names of those who framed them.

Each county had its share in the honor—Prince George's through William Murdock; Queen Anne's through Edward Tilghman and James Hollyday; Kent through Thomas Ringgold; Annapolis through Samuel Chase; Somerset through Samuel Wilson; St. Mary's through Daniel Wolstenholme and Edmund Key; Talbot through John Goldsborough and Henry Hollyday; Anne Arundel through John Hammond, Thomas Johnson, and Brice T. B. Worthington, and Calvert through Charles Graham.

With such men at the wheel, the course laid and sheered was a straight one; consequently, the "Maryland Convention," that assembled December 7, 1775, took up as its very first business the formation of a military force, and on the 1st of January, 1776, resolved:

"That this province be immediately put in the best state of defence."

\* \* \* \* \*

"*Resolved*, That 1444 men with proper officers be immediately raised in the pay, and for the defence of this province.

"*Resolved*, That eight companies of the said troops, to consist of 68 privates each, under proper officers, be formed into a battalion.

"*Resolved*, That the remainder of the said troops be divided into companies of 100 men each.

"*Resolved*, That two companies of the said troops, to consist of 100 each, be companies of matrosses,\* and trained as such."

A few days later the convention elected as commanding officers of the battalion:

William Smallwood, of Charles County, Colonel; Francis Ware, of Charles County, Lieutenant-Colonel; Thomas Price,

---

\*Soldiers in a train of artillery, who were next the gunners and assisted them in loading, firing and sponging the guns. They carried firelocks, and marched with the store-wagons as guards and assistants.



(who commanded the second company of Frederick Riflemen), First Major, and Mordecai Gist, of Baltimore Town, Second Major.

Seven independent companies, each under the command of a Captain and three Lieutenants, were formed of the next 700; and the other 200 were set off for matrosses as provided.

And so was born into military life the glorious band that Washington loved and trusted, that soldier, statesmen, and civilian have vied in honoring and praising, and whose fame even the enemy has sent rolling down the ages in golden numbers.

All in the first flush of their youth, all gently born and nobly bred, knowing how to die when most men have scarcely learned to live; arrayed in their inexperienced youth against the veterans of wars fought out before they were born, yet holding in check or driving before them forces which both English and American historians declare to have been five to one; called upon for sacrifice wherever disaster threatened or defect was impending; marching to certain death, with a step as light and a heart as fervent as a lover to his sweetheart, these beautiful boys—compared years after by George Washington Parke Curtis, in his eulogy on one of them\*, to the Tenth Legion of Caesar—will live wherever a generous heart beats, and the name freedom is known.

An incredibly short time sufficed to fill the quota, for they poured in as fast as their sail-boats and blooded hunters could bring them, and their martial ardor reduced them speedily to a well disciplined, effective force.

Their Colonel was a son of Bayne Smallwood, a merchant planter who had served for years in the Lower House of Assembly, and who had himself served ably in the Legislature since 1761. Of his personal appearance there is little record; but, judging from a small and not well executed wood-cut I have of him, he must have been of massive build and commanding presence. His jaw is square, his mouth clean-cut, sweet, and strong; his nose straight and sensitive; his eyes beautifully shaped, and his eye-brows heavily defined and

---

\* General James Maccubbin Lingan.

boldly arched—the type of man, who, with heart and soul attuned to high courage and lofty ideals, has strength of will to carry them out.

The face of Gist, known also thro' a poor print, is both sweet and obstinate, and his large sad eyes look out from under their delicately lined brows as if he still saw in retrospect the massacre at Cortelyou House and mourned his martyred braves.

The command got its first marching orders on the 6th of July, 1776, Congress having resolved, at the earnest solicitation of Washington, to strengthen the Army at New York with 13,800 militia drawn from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey; and a flying camp of 10,000 more from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware; for Howe had entered the lower harbor of New York on the twenty-ninth of June, and the fleet of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, repulsed from Charleston by the guns of Fort Moultrie, was crowding sail northward.

On the tenth instant six companies embarked at Annapolis and three at Baltimore, their objective point being the head of Elk River—now known as Elkton.

If you know Maryland in the early summer, you realize how fair a land they left, with its soft, green hills; its lovely streams and rivers, dancing with swift, silver-shod feet down to the bay, whose great sheen of blue heaves and swells with the deep sea-tides, or lies a floor of lapis-lazuli by day, of beaten silver by moonlight, and of ebony veined with phosphorescent splendor when the stars or the clouds prevail, a land so fair, that I think we can feel sure each of these young Paladins registered a vow in his soul, that never should the red curse of England devour her substance, nor put gyves upon her wrists, so long as their right hands could wield a sword or handle a musket.

Their arrival in Philadelphia about the middle of July attracted much attention, and their grace and good breeding on that very first day won the hearts of her sober citizens. The fortune of war, it seems, quartered them in a Quaker meeting house, but knowing it for a place of worship, they halted long in front of it, before even the officers approached the door.

Major Adlum, in a letter to George Washington Parke Custis, refers to the incident, saying :

" \* \* \* the delay was owing to delicacy. \* \* \* After a time "they moved forward to the door, where the officers halted again, "while their platoons came up, and stood with hats off while the soldiers, with recovered arms, marched in. \* \* \*"

On the seventeenth of July, Colonel Smallwood reported to President Hancock, who directed him to march his regiment as soon as possible to New York, and report to General Washington ; at the same time the President addressed a letter to the General, in which he informs him of the arrival of "upward of 1,000 troops from Maryland," and calls them "an exceedingly fine body of men."

On reaching New York they were attached to the brigade of Brigadier-General Lord Stirling, and on the eighth of August found themselves a part of the 13,557\* inexperienced men with whom Washington had to cover a line seventeen miles long, and to oppose 27,000 British regulars and Hessians.

On the twenty-second of August the enemy embarked from Staten Island, moved toward Long Island, and finally landed at Denyse's Point (where Fort Hamilton now stands), taking up the line of march immediately for Gravesend, where a portion halted, while the main body pushed on to Flatlands and Flatbush, Colonel Hand with his Pennsylvania Rifles retiring before them.

Observing the movements of the enemy, Washington hurried reinforcements over, among them Stirling's brigade.

On the twenty-seventh, General Putnam, in notifying Lord Stirling that the enemy was approaching the Gowanus road, along Martense lane, gave him the characteristic order :

"Take three regiments, advance beyond the lines and 'repulse the enemy'—not 'meet' or 'engage,' but *repulse*."

If it was a flash of prescience on the part of the sturdy old patriot, his heart must have rejoiced at the fulfillment of his order, for, taking Hazlett's Delawarians, Atlee's Pennsylvanians, and 450 of Smallwood's men, under Major Gist—for the Colonel himself had the misfortune to be in New York at the courtmartial of Colonel Zedwitz—he marched with his

handful to actually take the initiative against the entire left wing of Howe's army, which included two brigades, one Highland regiment, with several pieces of artillery, and two companies of New York Tories, the whole commanded—worse luck!—by one of those splendid Scotch Grants.

The Marylanders occupied the high ground in the center of the line (now known as Battle Hill in Greenwood Cemetery), and, with the Delawarians, were commanded by Lord Stirling in person; the right of the line crossed Bluckie's Barracks (a long sand dune) and rested on Gowanus Bay, and the left on the slope of hills near the present western boundary of Greenwood Cemetery.

For six hours sharp flashes of fighting broke out along the line with varying fortunes, until about eleven o'clock Howe sent Grant 2,000 more men from his fleet. At the same time detachments of Hessians burst through the wood from the hill near the Porte Road, turned our flank and doubled Stirling's left back upon his center, the awful news reaching him simultaneously that the American Army had crumbled away and was in mad rout, with savage murder in its train; for the Hessians had been carefully assured by their officers that the Americans would give *them* in particular no quarter, and the wounded were butchered where they lay.

The British lines were closing about Stirling like the long fingers of a cruel hand, threatening to crush his entire command and then to wipe out of existence the remnant of Sullivan's forces. Cornwallis had taken possession of the Cortelyou House and annihilation was inevitable, when Stirling resolved on a costly sacrifice to save his retreating columns that were struggling across the salt marshes and the deep tide water of Gowanus.

Changing front and taking with him the Maryland regiment (now less than 400) under Major Gist, he formed them hurriedly at the junction of the present Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue (Brooklyn) and *marched against* the triumphant enemy.

Artillery furrowed their lines, infantry poured a rain of lead into their ranks, and the Hessian Jagers picked them off from the adjoining hills. The firing was so incessant it was a roar,

but above that roar, Field\* says, the shout of their leaders rang clear and loud, "Close up, close up!" and the staggering, yet unflinching files, grown fearfully thin, drew together and turned their stern young faces to their country's foe."

They drove the British advance back upon Cortelyou House, and did not halt until Cornwallis had two guns brought up and poured grape and canister into their very faces. Halted by the shock, but disdaining to fly, they closed up again and again over the dead bodies of their comrades "and still" Field adds, "turned their faces to the foe. But the limit of "endurance had, for the time, been reached, and the shattered "column was driven back."

History had been made and an epic written in blood; but there was a still fairer rose of glory to be plucked from the field before them; for when Stirling pointed to the masses of their countrymen struggling, drowning, dying, they felt with him "how precious to their country's liberty were the lives of these men," and they gathered about him and rushed again on the enemy with such impetuosity, that they swept the gunners from their battery, dashed against the house like a bursting sea, and seemed on the point of forcing Cornwallis out and away. But the fire from within the house and from the high ground drove them back; only, however, to return *three times* to fling themselves on the ranks of an ever-increasing and reinforced enemy.

The last charge they made was the last only because 271 of the 300 odd lay dead or were prisoners.

But, to again quote Field, "The sacrifice of their lives, so "freely made by these generous and noble sons of Maryland, "had not been in vain. An hour, more precious to American "liberty than any other in its history, had been gained; and "the retreat of many hundreds of their countrymen had been "secured across the dreadful creek and marsh, whose treacherous tide and slime now covered so many of their comrades. "The carnage of battle could scarcely have been more destructive than the retreat; for at this time no vestige of an "army formation existed, and nothing remained but a mob of

---

\* In his "Battle of Long Island."

"flying and despairing men, among whose masses officers and "privates were borne undistinguished along."

The principal loss fell upon the companies of Captains Veazey (Seventh Independent), Bowie, Ford, Lucas and Adams (of the First, Second, Third and Sixth of the battalion respectively), all of whom fell at the head of their men; and the deaths of Lieutenants Butler, Sterrit, Dent, Coursey, Moore and Prawl, and Ensigns Corts and Fernandas, made up the fatal sum, 259 men and twelve officers, out of the said 300 odd who had done such heroic service.

They are justly spoken of by their contemporaries as "the honorable slain," and all the letters of the period extol their courage and devotion. Even Stedman, the British historian, says in his "American War": "The Maryland regiment "suffered most severely, having lost upward of 260 men;" and he pithily adds, "this was much regretted, as that regiment was composed of young men of the best families in the "country."

A thousand such expressions as "these young sons of the "best families of Catholic Maryland;" "these noble youths;" "these brave lads;" "these noble young men, scarcely more "than boys;" "so young, so brave to meet again the pitiless "iron hail," etc., etc., can be culled—not alone from private papers and public reports of that time, but from every page of sober history that records the deed they wrought that day; and the same grave medium also records the cry wrung from the heart of Washington, as he witnessed the scene from the conical hill on which he stood inside the lines:

"Great God! What must my brave boys suffer this day!"

But this was merely the beginning of their duty during the melancholy days of Long Island.

Beside those captured or slain on the field of their splendid fame, and others who had fallen at different points of the fight, some were drowned and some shot while swimming the Gowanus. But three companies had burst, by sheer force of dash and hard fighting, through the girdle of flame and death when the rout begun, and these, with the small remnant of Smallwood's battalion, were joined to the Pennsylvania battalions of Shee and Magaw, with Glover's men of Marblehead;

and from daybreak on the twenty-eighth to the evening of the twenty-ninth, though "torn with the shock of battle, and enfeebled by the terrible and exhausting exertions of its struggle" they stood on the skirmish line twelve hours in the beating rain; they did guard duty; marched and counter-marched all that night, so as to deceive the enemy; and finally, with no reinforcement except General Mifflin's men, and the decimated battalion of Hazlett, they covered the retreat of the Continentals, and were the last men to sail away in the wake of the friendly fog that saved our Army.

Two days after they arrived in New York they were ordered to Harlem Heights; and when, on the fifteenth of September, Howe and Clinton combined and our posted troops and their supports came flying in from Kip's Bay, Washington dispatched a courier in furious haste to General McDougall to send from his brigade Smallwood's battalion, knowing, as Scharf says, with pardonable pride, "that he could depend on its maintaining its position against all odds," which it did.

On the twelfth of October Smallwood's men were sent with the battalions of Colonels Hand and Prescott to keep the enemy in check at King's Bridge, Howe having landed at Frog's Neck, or Throg's Neck, as it is sometimes called. But on the eighteenth the English commander reëmbarked, landed again at Pell's Neck, and began his march towards the American lines in the direction of New Rochelle and White Plains.

On the 28th, when Clinton and von Heister advanced on the American lines, the chief object of attack was Chattertown Hill, held by Brigadier General McDougall's brigade, of which Smallwood's regulars formed a part—about 400 strong.

We all know *this* splendid chapter in their history—how they were ordered, this heroic little band, to charge Leslie's English and Donop's Hessians; and how they whirled down the hill like a buff and scarlet cyclone,\* driving the enemy until he was reënforced with fifteen pieces of artillery. We know, too, the rout that followed the giving way of one part of our line—when the whole brigade fled, leaving Smallwood's men—boys no longer, even on the loving lips of Washington—and Reitzman's

---

\* Their uniform was scarlet and buff.



New Yorkers alone; how for one-half hour they sustained themselves with a gallantry and spirit that twice beat back the horse and foot of British and Hessian, and then how greatly out-numbered, they slowly and sullenly retreated, face to foe, to the Broux River, leaving a heavy percentage of their number dead on the field of honor and their colonel wounded. But the score they rallied against the enemy was a red one.

The last glorious day of victory in defeat that the remnant of the regiment knew was on the fifteenth of November at Fort Washington, where, incorporated with Rawling's command, they held the Hessians and Waldecker's at bay until, Gordon says: "It cost Knyphuysen near upon 800 men to force the single regiment back. And Bancroft tells us they fought until the Americans and Hessians were mixed up together."

After two hours of this awful work the Hessians forced their way up the north side of Rawling's position, took them in flank and rear, and drove them "fighting furiously all the way," to within 100 yards of the fort. Here the Hessians took a position behind a stone house and sent in a flag of truce with their second summons to surrender. (Let me tell it quickly for the regiment is dying whose soldiers have become immortal!)

Our Marylanders were helpless here, for their rifles were so fouled they could not use them, their commander himself and their major (Otho Williams) were both wounded, their junior officers dying or unconscious from wounds; and as the fort was too crowded to hold its garrison and the horde of refugees, defense was impossible, and when Magaw surrendered our men were made prisoners with the rest.

And now comes the final act in the tragic and dramatic history of the young Paladins who sailed for Elkton on the joyous summer day just four months before. *They were sent as prisoners aboard the "Jersey"*—the Hell, as she was called—and became a part of the army of martyrs, eleven thousand strong, who died within her rotten hulk, or were murdered by the infamous Cunningham.

"Aboard this place of torment," Scharf tells us, "the prisoners were half-starved on worm-eaten bread and peas and "putrid beef which they often had to eat raw; and those sick "with smallpox and infectious fevers were left among the

“others unattended, without medicines to relieve them or water  
 “to cool their parched lips. Denied the light and air of  
 “heaven, starved by their inhuman keepers and broken  
 “hearted by the supplications and groans of their distressed  
 “kindred and countrymen, they sickened and died, and were  
 “thrown like dogs into their native soil, unless it happened  
 “to be the good pleasure of Cunningham, their infamous jailer,  
 “to march them out under cover of midnight and darkness to  
 “the gallows.”

There is a book called “Martyrs to the Revolution in British  
 Prison-Ships in the Wallabout Bay,” and in it appears the  
 following :

“At his own execution for crime, soon after the war, this  
 “miserable wretch, Cunningham, says in his confession : ‘The  
 “mode of these private executions was thus : A guard was  
 “dispatched from the provost about 12.30 at night to the  
 “Barrack street and the neighborhood of the upper Barracks,  
 “to order the people to shut their window shutters and put  
 “out their lights, forbidding them at the same time to pre-  
 “sume to look out of their windows or doors on the pain of  
 “death, after which the unfortunate prisoners were conducted  
 “gagged just behind the upper Barracks and hung without  
 “ceremony, and buried by the black pioneer of the provost.  
 “In this manner two hundred and sixty American prisoners  
 “were murdered.’”

Another method practiced was as follows :

“During the hottest weather the prisoners were sometimes  
 “admitted, one at a time, on deck through the night. When  
 “this great privilege was granted, they assembled in a crowd  
 “around the grate at the hatchway to get the air, and to take  
 “their turn to go on deck. Frequently, when this was the  
 “case, the sentinels would thrust their bayonets down among  
 “them with the most wanton cruelty. Twenty-five men were  
 “thus butchered in one night.” (Other witnesses thus speak  
 of four, six, eight, and ten victims so murdered at different  
 times.)

“At sundown the prisoners were ordered below. ‘Down,  
 “rebels, down!’ was the language of their cruel guards, and  
 “in the morning, after the sufferings of the night, its long  
 “anxious and painful watches ; its untold agonies and unnum-

"bered deaths, the 'rebels' were commanded in tones of derision to 'turn out their dead.'\* The allowance of clothing "was bad and its quality outrageous, while dysentery, fever, "smallpox, and the recklessness of despair" filled the hulk with filth and horror alike indescribable.

Some few of Smallwood's Marylanders survived this imprisonment, and a very few were able to resume active duty when exchanged. Such as did, rose to high place, for their three months' campaign had made scarred veterans of them, and the one hundred and ninety (of the original one thousand four hundred and forty-four), who by fighting on another field, escaped imprisonment, were of the band that covered the retreat of Washington to Trenton, and fought death and starvation at Valley Forge as gallantly as they had opposed the British.

And this is the manner of men Maryland sent to carry the oriflamme of Liberty in 1776. Of the rank and file scores of them were not yet twenty-one, and many of them—both soldiers and officers—were still in their teens,† while few had attained or passed the mature age of twenty-five.

Think what races they might have founded! Think what honors they would have surely won for their country in court and camp had their days been long in the land! But their souls thirsted for Freedom. They were her high priests. And the costly wine of sacrifice they poured so freely on her altar was their hearts' blood.

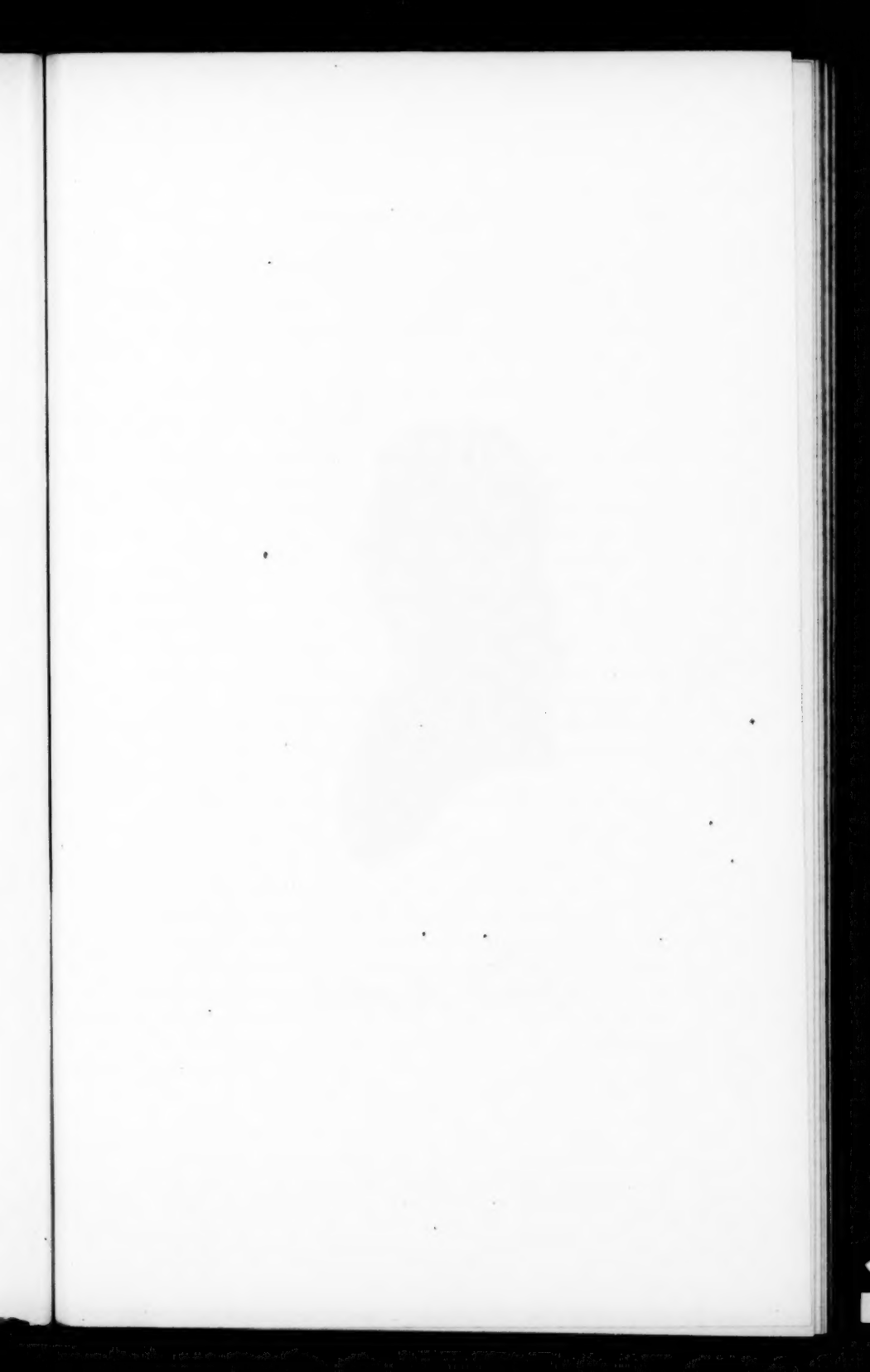
"We who are dying" salute these who can never die. And turning fond, filial eyes to the mother State, I say:

*O, Maryland! My beautiful Maryland! When the roll-call of the nations is sounded, and the stern, sweet Presence that sifts the wheat of worlds shall demand of each: "What have you done for the cause of true Freedom," you can lift your tear-stained face from the tomb of these young heroes and answer: "I have given my dearest and best, and my noblest I have not withheld."*

---

\* Yet, to the shame of our country, we acknowledge that over the bones of these martyrs, which have been preserved by private effort, no monument marks their resting place. Can Daughters of the Revolution ask, "What shall we do?" amid such neglect?—EDITOR.

† Ensign Peter Contee Hanson, for instance, "died for his country, Aet. 19," at Fort Washington.





*Israel Bartlett*

## HON. ISREAL BARTLETT.

Born May 8, 1748, at Nottingham, New Hampshire. Died April 21, 1838, at Haverhill, Massachusetts.

The history of times and events, of men and their characters, must ever be replete with interest and instruction. Chronicles of the great and wise, the noble and the learned, are often presented to the world, and the military hero and chieftain finds everywhere his biographer. We read of campaigns that his mind has traced out, of battles which his plans have won, and we often forget in our admiration of his skill and power, those by whom the heroic deeds were done, the victory gained.

It is well sometimes to turn away from the glare and tinsel of rank, from the glitter of arms, and the pageantry of war, to follow the *common soldier* at his parting and wanderings; to cast the glance of pity upon his sufferings, and allow the mind to more keenly realize the true knowledge of the evils and miseries of war.

Thoughts like these may perhaps lend interest to this unpretending narrative, simply giving in the copy from the journal of Lieutenant, afterwards Captain Bartlett, the events in which he was an actor and participator, and the scenes he has endeavored faithfully to represent.

Isreal Bartlett was born in the town of Nottingham, New Hampshire, May 8, 1748. He was of English descent, and his family dates back for many generations, during which the name of Bartlett has been honored and influential in the counties of Wiltshire and Sussex. His ancestors emigrated to this country in 1634, and settled in the town of Newbury. Some years prior to the birth of Isreal Bartlett, his father, General Isreal Bartlett, removed to Bartlett Farms, Nottingham, New Hampshire. Through its whole history in the colony, for more than one hundred years, the Bartlett family were distinguished for the possession, in an unusual degree, of those traits of character for which the early colonists were

famous, and which enabled them, with others, to lay deeply and securely the foundations of this noble commonwealth which has sheltered many generations, and we trust will continue to protect us so long as we shall love and cherish the institutions which the Puritans planted.

Isreal Bartlett was a great grandson of Samuel Bartlett, and history tells us that "during the arbitrary and tyrannical government of Sir Edmund Andros, Mr. Bartlett was a very active and zealous partisan, and when affairs were approaching their crisis, he mounted his horse and set out from home with an old rusty sword, minus a scabbard, and hanging so low that it struck fire on the stones as he passed. He was the only soldier who travelled by night from Newbury to Boston to assist in the imprisonment of Sir Edmund; also Samuel Bartlett accompanied John Adams to Philadelphia when the declaration was proclaimed."

It has been ascertained by an examination of the pension records, that there were over seventy Bartletts who served in the war of the Revolution, in the war of 1812. In proof of the intelligence and position of this family in England, the catalogues of Oxford and Cambridge show the names of thirty-three Bartletts who graduated at those universities, and more than one hundred Bartletts have graduated from the colleges of our country, and seven of that name have been judges in the courts of New Hampshire.

At an early age, Isreal went to Newbury and learned his trade, of gold and silversmith, and commenced business in Haverhill, Massachusetts, soon after becoming of age.

Of his brothers and sisters, Thomas married Sarah, the daughter of General Joseph Cilley, a patriot of the American Revolution; he was a Lieutenant-Colonel under General Stark at the surrender of Burgoyne, and in command of a regiment at West Point at the time of Arnold's defection, member of the New Hampshire Legislature, Speaker of the House, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Hon. Josiah Bartlett, of Lee, New Hampshire, was a lieutenant in the United States Army in the war with England, 1812 and 1815, and a member of the Governor's Council.



Sarah Bartlett, his eldest sister, married Colonel Winburne Adams, who was killed at the battle of Saratoga; she afterwards married Colonel Hobard.

Mary D. Bartlett married General Henry Dearborn.

Isreal Bartlett was connected with military affairs from 1774, when on September fifth, of that year, an "independent artillery company" was formed, and he was chosen clerk, therefore his books give the laws and votes of the same, and many papers of historic interest. When Haverhill, Massachusetts, was called upon for arms, the men shed luster upon the annals of the town for "Massachusetts Bay." Lieutenant Bartlett was soon promoted to Captain, receiving his commission under the hand and seal of John Hancock, by invitation of the legislature for one-half of the militia to march to reinforce the Northern Army. The first company in Haverhill turned out about thirty-five men, commanded by Nat. March, Isreal Bartlett, and Lieutenant March, October 4, 1777.

The Journal then reads:

October 4. Marched. Put up at Osgoods in Andover.

October 5. Marched, and put up at Bedford.

October 6. Breakfasted at Concord. Dined at Stow; poor house, but fine people. Put up at Bolton; good house.

October 7. Breakfasted at Lancaster. Dined at Halton. Put up at Rutland, at one Bartlett's. A very good farm.

October 8. Breakfasted at Oakham. Passed through Newbraintree and dined at Hardwich. Put up at Hinses in Greenwich.

October 9. Breakfasted at Amherst. Passed through Hodley and put up at Northampton.

October 10. Dined at Chesterfield. Put up at Worthington. Stopped and bathed at Partridge field.

October 11. Put up at Pittsfield.

October 12. Marched on to Hancock. Stopped and viewed the spring, and dined at Phillip's Town. Put up at Dildo.

October 13. Settled all accounts in company. Arrived at the new city of Albany and passed over the North River and put up at Half Moon.

October 14. March and arrived at the old camp at Stillwater.

October 15. Marched and arrived at headquarters at twelve o'clock. Encamped in the woods. Good house and grand fire.

October 16. A fine morning. Opens with expectations of seeing Mr. Burgoyne and all his troops in our possession this day. Ten o'clock we were alarmed and ordered to turn out for that General Burgoyne had refused to sign the capitulation, and hostilities would commence in one hour. Deferred till twelve o'clock. Sunset. News again that the articles are signed. General orders. That men lay on their arms for the general suspects treachery.

October 17. Parade at ten o'clock to receive General Burgoyne, who accordingly arrived at twelve o'clock and the troops followed at three o'clock. We are ordered to draw three days provisions and march in order to take charge of the prisoners who are to march to Boston.

October 18. Marched to Stillwater. This day very fatiguing. Encamped this night.

October 19. Marched to-day one o'clock eight miles and encamped in the woods.

October 20. Marched this morning and gained ten miles, which brought us to the front of the army at a place called St. Croix.

October 21. Marched eighteen miles to Williams Town through a severe snow storm ; put up at a very good house.

October 22. Halted all day at Williams Town to draw provisions.

October 23. Marched at ten o'clock towards Lanesburgh. The army in two divisions, we in the rear of the first division.

October 24. Marched seven miles to Pittsfield and halted at good quarters.

October 25. Saturday we marched to Worthington, twenty miles, through excessively bad mountains and deep mud. We marched late but got good quarters.

October 26. Sunday we rested. The people very religious. We are to march tomorrow to Northampton.

October 27. Monday. We marched to Northampton to-day, eighteen miles through the rain and mud. Very fatiguing. Arrived at two o'clock. Three men left. Came up to-day

and tell us that the people we thought so religious deny our paying reckoning.

October 28. Tuesday. We rested at Hampton all day on account of a very severe storm of rain and snow.

October 29. Wednesday. We are ordered to advance in front. We marched and crossed the river at ten o'clock, and advanced four miles from Hadley. Place called Amherst.

October 30. Thursday. We marched through Belcher and Wau, and put up at Weston, about twenty miles from Amherst.

October 31. Friday. We marched one and a half miles and halted in front of the British army. Breakfasted. Marched to the furthest part of Brookfield, eleven miles from our last quarters. Were forced to march four or five miles further than we intended, for want of quarters.

November 1. Saturday. We marched one and a half miles to Spencer, and halted all the rest of the day to draw provisions. The Commissary being absent could not draw.

November 2. We drew one day's provisions and marched through Leicester, and halted at Worcester, fourteen miles from our last quarters.

November 3. Monday. We marched to Northborough, and halted ten miles from our last quarters.

November 4. Tuesday. Marched from Northborough to Marlborough, eight miles, and halted. We are mustered and obliged to march, occasioned by the artillery advancing beyond the lines set. We march five miles and halt at Seabury.

November 5. Wednesday. Marched to Watertown, five miles from Cambridge.

November 6. Thursday. We marched to Prospect Hill, in Charlestown, through rain and mud; the worst day's march we have had. We expected to continue till rested, and draw provisions, as we had drawn none since we left Brookfield; but on our return to Prospect Hill a Major of Brigade overtook us and dismissed us with the General's thanks. But provisions would have done us more good, as little could be procured at Cambridge.

November 7. This is a journal of a march in the year 1777, when the British army surrendered to General Gates, and was kept by Isreal Bartlett on two pieces of paper.

Upon Captain Bartlett's return to Haverhill, Massachusetts, in November, 1777, he was prominently identified with all its interests as a civilian and soldier.

In 1789, November 4, he, with others, entertained General Washington on his visit to the town. In 1810-11, and from 1814-21, he served the commonwealth as a member of the State Senate, and also held many offices of trust in the town with marked ability. Bartlett Hill, at Newburg, takes its name from the Bartletts, who resided there for generations, and who were Captain Bartlett's ancestors. Five of the surname Bartlett came in 1684, the first year of the town of Newburg. They are from Adam de Bartlot, who went to England with William the Conqueror in 1066. He was of small stature—called the "Little Baron," and that is what the name means. The ancestors of the subject of this sketch were Richard (1), Richard (2), Samuel (3), Thomas (4), General Isreal (5), Captain Isreal (6). Honorable Isreal Bartlett married Tabatha Walker, and eight sons and one daughter were from this union. He died at the ripe age of ninety years, having been one of the most respected men of the place. Chase's history of Haverhill contains a record of his family, and a memorial window has been placed by his grandchildren in the First Unitarian Church. "The memorial honors conferred upon him," says the historian, "are most worthily placed, and constitute a link of interest connecting the past with the present."

MARIA GILBERT BRADLEY.



REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF  
MRS. GERTRUDE VAN RENSSELAER WICKHAM.

*Historian of Western Reserve Chapter, Cleveland, Ohio.*

Mrs. Gertrude V. R. Wickham is the daughter of the late Sanders Van Rensselaer, who was the only living son of Schuyler Van Rensselaer, of Albany, New York. He was born 1816, married, 1838, to Malinda Hayward, died August, 1851, in Buffalo, New York. He had four children.

1. Glen died ten years of age.
2. Gertrude, born March 18, 1844, married August, 1864, Captain S. C. Wickham, of Sodus Point, New York, who died June, 1870. One child, Katharine V. R. Wickham.
3. Gerdon N., born March 18, 1846; married 1876, Nina Morehouse, of Dutchess County, New York. Two children, Bessie Van Rensselaer, Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

Helen, born February, 1849, married May, 1866, to J. D. Johnston, of Toronto, Canada; died April, 1883.

Children. Gertrude, Gerdon, Helen and John Wickham Johnston.

Schuyler Van Rensselaer was born 1790, at "Cherry Hill," Albany, New York, and was the son of Colonel Philip and Maria Wendell (Sanders) Van Rensselaer; Son of Colonel

Killian and Arrietta Schuyler Van Rensselaer ; Son of Hendrick and Catharine Van Brugh Van Rensselaer ; Son of Jeremiah and Maria Van Cortlandt Van Rensselaer ; Son of Killian Van Rensselaer, the American ancestor of the family.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, in her history of New York, and George W. Schuyler in "Colonial New York," have this to say of the Van Rensselaer.

"Killian Van Rensselaer was the oldest and wealthiest director of the West India Company. He was a large private owner of vessels, and for many years a pearl and diamond merchant of Amsterdam, Holland. He was descended from a line of honorable ancestors, and was himself an educated and refined gentleman. He sent an agent to New York and purchased land on the Hudson River, twenty-four miles long and forty-eight miles broad. This great feudal estate included the entire territory comprised in the present counties of Albany, Columbia and Rensselaer, New York.

"The Van Rensselaer name is interwoven with all that is historical in the City or State of New York. The family brought with them the social distinction of the Fatherland. They brought massive and elaborately carved furniture and large quantities of silver plate which bore the family arms. They brought portraits of their ancestors and many original paintings of the Dutch masters.

A manor house was erected, similar to the Holland mansion of the Van Rensselaer, on the east bank of the Hudson, eleven miles below and opposite Albany. The pressed bricks which composed it, and all the carved woodwork of the interior were imported from Holland. Here the lord resided among this tenantry, maintaining the same dignity as the landed lords in Europe.

"Killian Van Rensselaer had peculiar facilities for peopling his new dominion, and sent out his own ships with laborers and emigrants, and implements of husbandry. His sons, who each in turn took charge of the colony, were greatly beloved by the Indians, whose confidence had been gained by kind treatment and just dealing."

Three characteristics marked the earlier generations of Van Rensselaers—piety, philanthropy and patriotism.

The first church in the State of New York, outside of its metropolis, was established by their ancestor, who at his own expense, in 1641, sent a learned clergyman from Holland at a salary of a thousand guilders "for the edifying improvement of the inhabitants and Indians thereabouts."

"In all the political conflicts which agitated New York, the feudel *dignateur* of the Van Rensselaer manor were in sympathy with the spirit of liberty and of resistance to the encroachments of the Crown."

Only one of Killian Van Rensselaer's sons became a permanent resident in America, and from him—Jeremiah—have descended all of the name either in this country or Holland, as in the latter it has become extinct.

For fifty years the vast estate remained intact. When the two sons of Jeremiah having reached their majority, acquired all the American possessions by relinquishing claim to "Crallio," the Holland estate, they followed the good old Dutch fashion of equal division; Killian, the elder, however, inheriting the title of Patroon. Of their two sisters, one—Anna—married the ancestor of the Nicholls family, and the other—Maria—was the wife of Colonel Peter Schuyler.

Hendrick Van Rensselaer, the younger brother, married Katharine, the daughter of John Van Brugh, a wealthy burgo-master of New York City, and granddaughter of Anneke Jan, whose property has been in litigation for two hundred years.

At the breaking out of the war of the American Revolution, Hendrick had three sons and twelve grandsons bearing the family name. The oldest son, John, was too feeble to bear arms, the youngest grandson not old enough to serve. Every one of the others were officers in the American army. His five daughters had married into the Ten Broeck, Richards, Wendell and Douw families, whose sons also were well represented in the patriotic cause. The children of his niece, Catharine Van Brugh Livingston, were all for the right side of the contest, one of them, Philip Livingston, signing the Declaration of Independence. His mother's family, the Van Cortlandts, and the grandsons of his sister, Anna V. R. Nicholls, did valiant and patriotic service.



Hendrick's youngest son was Colonel Killian Van Rensselaer, who commanded the Fourth Albany Regiment. He was the great-great-grandfather of Mrs. Wickham, and his son, Colonel Philip Van Rensselaer, Quartermaster-General of the military stores of the Northern Department, was her great-grandfather.

Colonel Killian married Arietta Schuyler, whose three nephews, Harmanne Schuyler, and Colonel Nicholas and Philip Staats, were well-known patriots. The former entertained General Washington and aids at his home in Stillwater, where they spent the night. Her mother was a Wendell, and several of her cousins by that name were identified with the American cause.

Two other sons of Colonel Killian were officers in the Continental army; General Henry K. Van Rensselaer, who carried a British bullet in his hip long years after the war, and which was only extracted after his death, and Colonel Nicholas Van Rensselaer, who served through the whole campaign and distinguished himself on many a battlefield.

Colonel Philip Van Rensselaer enlisted in the service in 1776, but soon after was appointed Commissary of military stores of the Northern Department, and had charge of all the purchase and distribution of arms, ammunition, etc., for the Continental army north of New York City. To him were sent the pewter offerings of dishes and spoons to be molded into bullets, and to him was issued the official order in 1785 to fire the cannon at Albany, in token of the joyful news of victory and peace. Colonel Philip Van Rensselaer received his appointment through his relative, General Philip Schuyler, who also had married his cousin, Catherine Van Rensselaer, a sister of General Robert, Colonel James, and Captain Henry J. Van Rensselaer, well-known patriots.

Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer was a daughter of Robert Sanders, a wealthy merchant and landowner of Albany. Her mother was Elizabeth Schuyler, granddaughter of the celebrated Colonel Peter Schuyler and Maria Van Rensselaer. She was named for her paternal grandmother, Maria Wendell, a daughter of Captain John Wendell, the ancestor of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Wendell Philips. Her maternal grand-

parents were Captain "Pedrom" Schuyler and Catherine Grosbeck, a sister of Mrs. Steven Van Rensselaer, wife of the Patroon.

That every relative of Colonel Philip Van Rensselaer capable of bearing arms enlisted in the American army, was equally true of his wife. In short, there was scarcely a leading New York patriot who was not a kinsman of either.

All through the weary struggle for freedom, her means and influence and prayers were ever exerted for the beloved cause. The doors of her hospitable home, "Cherry Hill," then just out of the limits of Albany, were open to the weary and wounded officers of the American army. Here was brought Colonel James Wilkinson on a stretcher, bleeding from his wounds, and as he quaintly expressed it, "Nursed back to life by Philip Van Rensselaer and his amiable spouse, and the esteemable consort of General Philip Schuyler."

Here General La Fayette rested on his mid-winter journey on horseback to join the Northern army. His dress—knee breeches and silken hose—was insufficient protection from the icy winds that swept the Hudson River valley, and he arrived thoroughly chilled.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer tried to persuade him to remain a day or two longer, but he was eager to push on. She then offered him a long heavy pair of woolen stockings, knit with her own hands for her husband. These he drew on over his daintier ones, and again started on his long, cold journey.

In 1826, when General La Fayette returned to this country as the nation's honored guest, he reached Albany amid the booming of cannon and accompanied by the most distinguished Americans of that day. Almost his first act was to call upon Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer, then a widow, and remind her of her hospitality and homely, but useful gift, declaring that but for them he nearly would have perished.

Cherry Hill was afterward occupied by General Solomon Van Rensselaer, an officer of the war of 1812, who was nephew and son-in-law of Philip. He was an active politician, and intimate with many of the foremost men of the times, so that from the time of its erection until years after the Revolution, its floors echoed the tread of soldiers and statesmen. Presi-

dents Harrison and Tyler, Van Buren and Madison, each in turn has been its guest. Railroads and the encroachments of a large city have robbed it of its beautiful terraced surroundings on the Hudson River, but it still stands quaintly colonial, and occupied by the granddaughter of Colonel Philip and Maria Sanders Van Rensselaer.

#### THE MATERNAL REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY.

Mrs. Wickam's mother was Malinda Hayward, daughter of Paul D. and Beulah Woodruff Hayward, of Milford, Massachusetts. Paul Hayward was the sixth generation of American ancestry of that name. His parents were Daniel, Jr., and Elinor Davis Hayward, son of Daniel, Sr., and Martha Hayward; son of Jonathan and Elizabeth Warfield Hayward; son of Samuel and Mehitable Thompson Hayward; son of William and Margory Thayer Hayward. The last named were of Braintree, Massachusetts, the others all of Milford.

Samuel and Mehitable Haywood were among those who settled Milford in 1672, owning over a thousand acres in and about the town. Their descendants have been identified with the landed and business interests of Milford continuously to the present generation.

The Revolutionary ancestry is gained by lineal descent from Daniel Hayward, Sr., and his son, Daniel Hayward, Jr., both "Minute Men," who marched at the Lexington alarm and besieged Boston. The latter belonged to the fourth company of Milford Militia, was at the battle of White Plains, losing a brother in that engagement. He afterward worked in the Worcester armory, in response to a call for gunsmiths.

Mrs. Daniel Hayward, Jr., was a lineal descendant of Secretary Edward Rawson, of Massachusetts Colony, through his son, Reverend Grindal Rawson, consequently a descendant, also, of the celebrated divine, Reverend John Wilson, the first minister of Boston. Her five brothers, Phineas, Aaron, Ebenezer, Samuel, and Paul Davis, were active patriots and soldiers. Ebenezer was killed at the battle of White Plains, and Paul served to the close of the war. His discharge, signed by

Washington, is now one of the treasured possessions of a great-grandson.

Beulah Woodruff, the wife of Paul D. Hayward, also was of a long descent of New England ancestors. The first Mathew Woodruff, of Hartford, Connecticut, was one of the first eighty-four proprietors of Farmington. His son, Mathew, Jr., married Mary Plumb; their son, Ensign Samuel, married Mary Judd; their son James married Lydia Curtis; their son, Hawkins Woodruff, married Lois Hills, and their daughter, Beulah, married Paul D. Hayward, all of Farmington.

Hawkins Woodruff, named for his great-grandmother, Mary Hawkins, wife of Lieutenant John Judd, was at Ticonderoga in 1775, in Captain Sedgwick's company, Colonel Hinman's regiment. In 1776 he and his brother were with Colonel Noahdiah Hooker. In 1779 with Lieutenant-Colonel Mead, Fifteenth Connecticut Regiment, and in 1780 in the Sixth Brigade of Militia, defending the sea coast. While engaged in this service he was taken prisoner and confined on one of the dreaded prison ships at Long Island, from which he pluckily escaped.

The wife of Hawkins Woodruff was Lois Hills, daughter of Beriah and Mary Hills, of Winchester, Connecticut, and granddaughter of Benoni and Hannah Strong Hills, of Northampton, Massachusetts. She had three brothers, Benoni, Bela and Chauncy Hills, who served in the Revolutionary Army with their uncle, Captain, afterward Colonel, Medad Hills.

Colonel Hills was a brave and honored soldier. He also was celebrated for the muskets he manufactured for the army.

Another uncle, Deacon Seth Hills, was wagon master in the Saratoga campaign, was present at Burgoyne's surrender, and assisted in clearing the field of the dead and wounded.

Yet another uncle, Captain John Hills, commanded a company in 1778, and was with General Putnam in New York. He also was a gunsmith, as was Beriah, the father of Lois Hills, and the old revolutionary muskets the Hills manufactured yet bear their name.

## DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION — A HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

*Read before the Continental Congress, February 24th, 1893, by Mrs. Anna  
Green, Culpeper, Virginia.*

According to my understanding, the object of this Society is to preserve the truth of history, and to embalm in our archives the gems of truth and traditional facts gleaned from recorded and unwritten history. Such traditions relating to the War of American Independence are growing scarce, and where found should be preserved. There are no grandmothers now with Revolutionary reminiscences to sit around the fireside to relate to their children and grandchildren the old, old stories of those heroic and eventful days when women sent their husbands and sons to the front. In preserving these traditions for record, great care must be taken that no tares of fiction be garnered with the wheat. Our historian should have the help of each earnest and faithful daughter in her appointed work.

It has been truly said that the germs of dissolution exist in all human organizations. The discussions on descent may prove the dissolving force of this organization, Wars have been waged, and will continue to be, on this claim of inheritance. Woman has ever, and will continue to play, an important part in these contests, power having been conferred upon her from the earliest ages. The heroism of men is largely due to the dutiful training of competent and conscientious mothers. Women in all ages have been potential in their influence. Blanche of Castile, the mother of Louis IX of France, the great crusader, superintended the education of her son personally; Godfrey of Boulogne, the leader of the great crusades, was taught at his mother's knee, and gratefully referred to it ever; Joan of Arc, an untutored peasant of France, led the trained veterans of the French chivalry to victory; Letitia, the mother of the Dictator of Europe, had no

crown, no throne—in history is known only by the reverential title of “Madame Mère.” Now we, with reverence, come to the name of one who was above and beyond all other mothers, Mary, the mother of Jesus, who furnishes us a sublime example. Sacred history has much to say of her and but little of his earthly father, Joseph, the carpenter. The dutiful and noble Roman Matron, Monica, gave to the world her son, the humble, patient Christian patriot Augustine. Josephine, the discarded wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, could not be deprived of her future in her descendants, for through her daughter Hortense, came Louis Napoleon who succeeded to the French Empire, and through her son came accession to Swedish Royalty. Victoria gives to the Prince of Wales his prospect to the British throne.

In the light of such knowledge and precedence we should not deprive the descendants of “76” their right of lineage through the female line, by recognizing the descendants of patriotic men only as lineal, and already the charge is being made that an aristocracy is being reared by the establishment of these orders in “Sons” and “Daughters.” This idea is most distasteful to the average American citizen. If one daughter is to be exalted above another because descended from a patriotic father, surely the descendant of a patriotic mother has an equal if not the greater claim.

At the great Columbian Exposition she has had equal rights accorded, and factional must be the opposition, which, in the face of all these circumstances, seeks to deprive the descendants of women of the same privileges as those extended to the descendants of men.

The present time is one of evolution. Men are looking backward, retracting prejudiced opinions, changing their old convictions, and arriving at new conclusions. They are beginning to recognize women as a potent factor in moulding public sentiment; they are welcoming her as a co-worker; they are beginning to realize her influence and help in their plans of restoration and reform. Our public men—the most astute and intelligent—see the drift, and some are wise enough to cast anchor in this direction. A true woman under no circumstance repudiates the duties of wife, mother, daughter, or sister. The

fact of woman's attainment to a just recognition is calculated to awaken her to increased responsibility in the discharge of all her duties. The Daughters of the American Revolution should be very careful to preserve their character as a Historical Society. We should not trim facts to suit personalities, but we would maintain our own respect and that of the world by being just before we are generous. We must not disfranchise descendants of patriotic woman, but give every one of them the same cordial welcome as that which is extended to the descendants of the patriotic men of American Independence.





## THE MOTHER OF A PATRIOT.

*Read at the Continental Congress, Thursday Evening, February 23, 1893,  
by Mrs. Miriam Longfellow Morris.*

Among the pictures fair that hang on history's bright walls,  
Filled with a glory and a grace, on one my gaze now falls.

I read upon the noble brow and lips of firm, sweet curve,  
A purpose that no threat could daunt, no base suggestion swerve !

The Mother of a Patriot ! ah, what strength what love, what fire  
Are blended in those lineaments—what thought and what desire !

Where heart and duty, ever one, walked onward hand in hand,  
And gave a courage rare, to help and cheer that struggling band.

Why do I sing her praises now, when men went forth to war  
With cruel wrong, oppression's might, and sent their deeds afar

From bleak New England's rock-bound coast to fair Virginia's glade,  
Through all the length and breadth of land that freedom's price then  
paid ?

Why do I give her rank, when sons had rested there the prize,  
And builded staunch the structure grand that greets the moistening eyes ?

Because she builded still the house ; because, as corner-stone,  
All deeds of valor, truth and might are still her very own !

Thus, while we sing our heroes' deeds, let her name, too, be read,  
And when the son's renown wins praise, the mother's still be said !

To future ages—e'en as now, to Sons as yet to be—  
The mother of a Patriot prove true guide to Liberty !

## FROM TICONDEROGA TO YORKTOWN.

*The Services of the Sires which gives to the Daughters of Connecticut their Ancestral Martial Eligibility to Membership in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, by Mrs. deB. Randolph Keim, Regent of the State of Connecticut, Daughters of the American Revolution. Appendix to her Report to the Second Annual Continental Congress, 1893.*

In an appendix to my report submitted to the first annual Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, 1892, I presented in a general way a retrospective view of the part borne by the State of Connecticut in the War for American Independence, 1775-'83. At this time I desire to dwell more specifically upon the military services of Connecticut in that important struggle. I feel impelled to do this, as the eligibility of the daughters of Revolutionary ancestry to membership in this Society is based almost exclusively upon the deeds of the fathers, rather than the domestic and home-preserving cares, anxieties, tribulations and privations of the mothers of the Revolution.

The Revolutionary Daughters of Connecticut have an effulgence of military and civic glory second to no State in that great conflict, and in the numbers of her warlike sons stands foremost among the fighting States of the American Confederation.

From the beginning to the end of the War of the American Revolution, the borders of Connecticut were open to attack from all sides. The important fields of British operations in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York menaced her from the land, and her extensive line of coast on Long Island Sound laid her open to depredations from the water.

The colonial authorities of Connecticut were therefore profoundly sensitive to their exposed situation, and prepared to meet the issue of arms which seemed inevitable by early prepa-

rations in the general assembly, town councils and through local committees of correspondence and safety.

These preliminary movements in the impending conflict began with the opposition to the Stamp Act, in 1765, and other measures down to the Boston Port Bill, in 1774, in which Massachusetts was more directly concerned. In that year the population of the Colony of Connecticut had reached 197,856 inhabitants.

This spirit of warlike resistance to British tyranny was fully aroused by these preparatory and precautionary measures. The first clash of arms on the green of Lexington found the minute men of Connecticut ready to rally to the defense of their firesides and their liberties over a year before Independence was declared, and before the last resort of arms had been accepted by the Continental Congress as the only solution of the differences which existed between the American Colonies and King George III and his ministry.

As an evidence of the martial spirit of Connecticut in the very inception of the war, the men who marched to the relief of their neighbors in Massachusetts after the Lexington alarm in April, 1775, composed companies from forty-eight towns, with but three exceptions from the eastern and central portions of the State. This force aggregated 4,000 men, under arms and in motion towards Boston within twenty-four hours after the news was received, to cross weapons with the British veterans under Gage. These men were a representative body of the people, descended from the original settlers and from every vocation in life, from judges on the bench and men in office down to the humblest laborer on the farm.

I am proud to mention that, through the grateful and enlightened spirit of the governing authorities of Connecticut during the past decade, the names of these, our fearless and foremost patriot sires, have been exhumed from the seclusion of the State archives and been placed in the vanguard of a printed Roll of Honor of the men of Connecticut in the Revolution.

The forty-eight towns of our glorious Commonwealth of 1775, whose sons thus promptly rallied to the defense of liberty before

the reverberations of Lexington were carried forward to the roar of battle on Bunker Hill, were Ashford, Bolton, Branford, Canterbury, Chatham, Colchester, Coventry, Derby, Durham, East Haddam, East Windsor, Enfield, Fairfield, Glastonbury, Greenwich, Guilford, Haddam, Hartford, Hebron, Killingly, Killingworth, Lebanon, Lyme, Mansfield, Middletown, New Hartford, New Haven (two companies of the Governor's Foot Guards, then lately organized, under act of Assembly, March, 1775, marched in a body), New London, Norfolk, Norwalk, Plainfield, Pomfret, Preston, Saybrook, Simsbury, Stafford, Stamford, Stonington, Suffield, Tolland, Union, Volunton, Wallingford, Wethersfield, Wellington, Windham, Windsor and Woodstock.

I shall hope, before the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Connecticut shall be complete, that each one of these historic and patriotic towns shall have its individual, if not its Chapter representative, in our great and growing commemorative Society.

The warlike feeling of the people was now general. The Ticonderoga enterprise was proposed but nine days after the battle of Lexington originated, and was executed through the energy and patriotism of Connecticut. That important military strategic post stood at the head of Lake George and on the line of water transportation for British troops and supplies of war between Canada and New York. Captain Edward Mott has the honor of bringing this subject to the attention of the General Assembly on Friday, April-28, 1775. The cannon and cash (£300 from the treasury) were contributed by the State. The money was advanced on the individual notes of Captain Noah Phelps, Samuel Wyllys, Jessie Root, Ezekiel Williams, of Hartford; Samuel Bishop, Jr., and Adam Babcock, of New Haven; Samuel Holden Parsons, of New London; Silas Dean, of Wethersfield; Wm. Williams, of Lebanon; Charles Webb, of Stamford; Joshua Porter, of Salisbury; Thomas Mumford, of Groton.

The expedition started from Hartford under Captains Edward Mott and Noah Phelps, with six or eight Connecticut volunteers. They were authorized to recruit men in the upper towns of

Connecticut, and secured accessions in the New Hampshire grants and Vermont. Ethan Allen, a native of Connecticut, and Benedict Arnold, also of Connecticut, a gallant soldier, but, after brilliant services on many fields, through overweening ambition, a traitor to his country, led the surprise of the garrison under Captain Delaplace with his Twenty-sixth Regiment of British regulars. Every school child knows Allen's electrifying summons to surrender, in "The name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

The large supplies of cannon, ammunition and military stores captured in that fort, so much needed at Boston, were hurried to the relief of the patriot army, and were turned against the British from the bristling heights of Bunker Hill.

The troops of Connecticut in the War of the Revolution were comprised in three classes :

The Continental forces, which were the regulars of Washington's army throughout the war. Connecticut promptly raised eight regiments of Continentals for short terms of service in 1775, '76, '77 and '78, and the same number with large additional quotas for three years, 1777-'81. The State of Connecticut furnished 15,000 Continental soldiers during the Revolutionary War.

The next in importance were the State troops in the early part of the war, utilized as reënforcements for limited terms for the armies in the field.

Then came the standing militia of the State, which represented the greater portion of the male population. The effective militia of Connecticut during the years of the war ranged from 22,000 to 25,000 men.

In addition to these, we have the independent companies and individual officers and soldiers which served in other commands, and the naval forces of Connecticut, which committed depredations on British commerce on Long Island Sound.

The printed official list contains the names of 27,823 Connecticut soldiers, of which number 10,000 men served for long terms in the Continental Army in the field outside of the State, under the immediate command of Washington.

The total force of Connecticut reduced to a one-year term of enlistment as applied to all of the other States by the Secretary

of War of the United States, 1790, for purposes of equitable comparison, would give Connecticut 42,831 troops during the war.

It would be safe to say, judging from the numerous calls for defense against sudden forays from New York and the mustering of the home militia of towns, that nearly every able bodied man in Connecticut rendered service or was enrolled at some time during the War of the Revolution. The Loyalist element was exceedingly small and confined to the western end of the State.

It is a gratifying historical coincidence that Massachusetts and Virginia, representative colonies of the North and South, and Connecticut and Pennsylvania stood shoulder to shoulder, the foremost in the number of their troops in the clash and glory of arms which gave an independent existence and national autonomy to the thirteen British colonies of North America.

There was not a year in the long and often seemingly hopeless struggle, when these four warlike States did not have in the field over one-half, and in the beginning nearly two-thirds of the entire numbers of the armies under the chief command of Washington.

It is with patriotic pride that I refer more specifically to the prominent rank of Connecticut in the warlike movements and results of the military forces of the thirteen States against the authority of the British Crown.

The brave sires of the Daughters of Connecticut drenched with their blood almost every field from Ticonderoga, Bunker Hill and Quebec, to the capitulation of Cornwallis, and overthrow of British power on the distant shores of the Chesapeake. Thus inscribed upon her roll of honor in the momentous conflict, are 1775, May 10, Ticonderoga; June 17, Bunker Hill; December 31, Quebec; 1775-1776, Siege of Boston; 1876, May 19, Cedars, Canada; August 27, Long Island; September 16, Harlem Heights; October 28, White Plains; November 16, Fort Washington; December 25, Trenton; 1777, January 3, Princeton; April 25-28, Tryon's raid into Danbury; May 3, Meig's Sag Harbor Expedition; August 16, Bennington; September 19 to October 7, Saratoga; September

11, Brandywine; October 4, Germantown; November 12-16, Defense of Mud Island; December 7, White Marsh; 1777-8, Valley Forge; 1778, June 28, Monmouth; July 3, Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania; August 29, Rhode Island; July 5-10, Tryon's attack upon New Haven; 1779, July 15, Storming of Stony Point; July-August, Sullivan's Indian raid; 1780, June 23, Springfield; October 11, Fort George, N. Y.; November 21, Capture Fort George, Long Island; 1781, July 6, Green Spring, Va.; September 6, Arnold's attack upon Fort Griswold, Conn., and burning of New London; September-October, Siege and surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and 1776-82, many naval actions on Long Island Sound and the high seas.

The State of Connecticut to-day in her peace military organization has two of the four companies in the United States which have come down in uninterrupted succession of years from colonial times. One of these, the First Company, Governor's Guards (Hartford, Connecticut), chartered in 1771, retains the uniform adopted when first organized, scarlet coat, trimmed with black; buff knee breeches and black gaiters.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, Massachusetts, is the oldest military organization in the United States, having been organized in 1638. The First Company of Foot Guards, of Hartford, Connecticut, 1771, is the second; the "Light Horse of the City of Philadelphia," afterward the "First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry," formed in 1774, which served during the Revolution, reconnoitering the enemy before the battle of Princeton and about Trenton and acting as body guard to General Washington, is the third and the Second Company (New Haven, Connecticut), Foot Guards, chartered 1775, is the fourth.

The following table, compiled and condensed from a more elaborate exhibit from the report of the Secretary of War, May 10, 1790, gives at a glance the number of troops from the four leading military States of the original thirteen enlisted during the War of the Revolution, 1775-83, including Continental soldiers and militia:



	<i>Mass.</i>	<i>Va.</i>	<i>Conn.</i>	<i>Penna.</i>	<i>Total States.</i>	<i>Grana Total.</i>
1775. . . . .	16,444	3,180	4,507	400	24,531	37,363
1796. . . . .	20,372	6,181	13,127	10,395	50,075	89,761
1777. . . . .	12,591	11,013	6,563	9,464	39,631	68,720
1778. . . . .	13,437	7,830	4,010	3,684	28,961	51,046
1779. . . . .	7,738	8,573	3,544	3,476	23,331	44,275
1780. . . . .	7,889	6,986	3,687	3,337	21,899	43,076
1781. . . . .	5,298	6,119	3,921	1,346	16,684	29,340
1782. . . . .	4,423	2,204	1,732	1,265	9,624	18,006
1783. . . . .	4,370	629	1,740	1,598	8,337	13,477
Totals, . . . .	92,562	52,715	42,831	34,965	223,073	395,064

It will be seen by this statistical exhibit that the four great military States of the American Union, which bore the full brunt of the shock of arms from the beginning to the end with the hitherto invincible military power of Great Britain, in the war for American independence, were Massachusetts, Virginia, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. These four States during the seven years of military operations furnished on the basis of annual enlistments considerably over one-half (223,073) of the entire numbers (395,064) of the Continental forces contributed by the whole thirteen original States.

The Revolutionary War papers of Connecticut are exceptionally full and complete. Those in the archives of the State, which are voluminous and in possession of the State, county and town libraries and historical societies, also in family collections make it possible for practically every man and woman in Connecticut, if they have an American ancestry, going back to the revolutionary days to find their patriotic sire, if they had one in the organized service. The State legislature has made the way to this consummation easy, simple and clear, by the publication by State authority of "The record of Connecticut men in the military and naval service during the War of the Revolution, 1775-1783," which contains the name of every Connecticut Revolutionary officer or soldier, which has been preserved in the archives or other available records of the State. This document contains the individual names of 27,823 men, and is the most compact, comprehensive and convenient publication of the kind issued by any of the thirteen original States

down to this date. I have given a survey in succinct form of the conspicuous military relations which Connecticut held to the struggle for American independence. As the Daughters of the American Revolution from Connecticut have reached a foremost place in the State organizations under this society, I propose with their co-operation to present in a future publication, with the approbation of this Congress, an account of what the Mothers of the Revolution in Connecticut did to aid their fathers, husbands and sons who were in the field fighting for the cause of American Liberty.



## REVOLUTIONARY ANNIVERSARIES.

## SEPTEMBER.

*September 6th, 1781.* Battle of Groton Heights. Massacre at Fort Griswold; Colonel Ledyard killed. New London sacked and burned by Benedict Arnold.

## INSCRIPTION ON THE GROTON MONUMENT.

This Monument  
was erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut A. D. 1830  
and in the 55th year of the Independence of the U. S. A.

In memory of the brave Patriots  
who fell in the massacre at Fort Griswold, near this spot,  
on the 6th of September A. D. 1781  
when the British under the command of  
the traitor Benedict Arnold  
burnt the towns of New London and Groton, and spread  
desolation and woe throughout this region.

*September 8th, 1781.* Battle of Eutaw Springs.

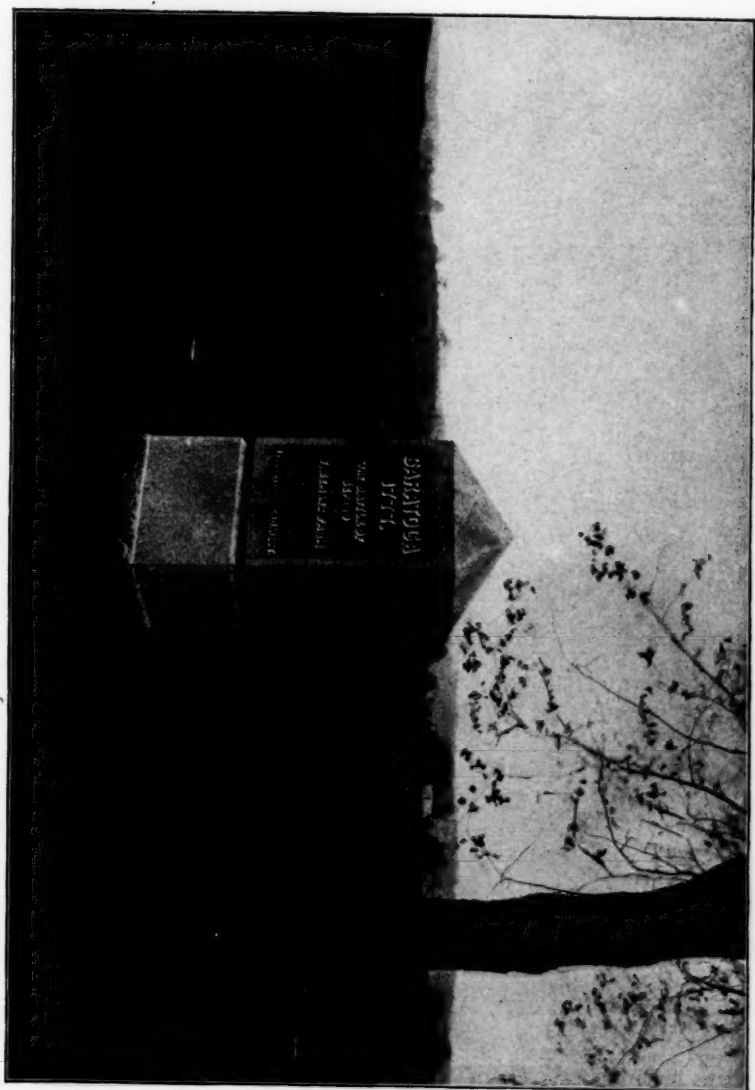
General Greene met the enemy at Eutaw Springs, and the result was one of the bloodiest battles of the War. Both sides claimed the victory, but the British fled to Charleston.

William Gilmore Simms has made "Eutaw" the subject of one of his admirable historical romances. Philip Freneau, the "Bard of the Revolution," wrote a poem, "To the Memory of the Dead who fell at Eutaw:"

"At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;  
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er;  
Weep on ye springs, your tearful tide—  
How many heroes are no more!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Led by the conquering genius Greene,  
The Britons they compelled to fly,  
None distant viewed the fatal plain:  
None grieved in such a cause to die."



ONE OF THIRTEEN TABLETS COMMEMORATING IMPORTANT POINTS ON THE SARATOGA BATTLE FIELD.  
*From Mrs. Wainwright's Battles of Saratoga.*



*September 11th, 1777.* Battle of Brandywine. Americans defeated. Philadelphia taken by Howe.

*September 19th, 1777.* Battle of Freeman's Farm at Saratoga. Burgoyne defeated by Gates.

"The nineteenth of September,  
The morning cool and clear,  
Brave Gates rode through our army,  
Each soldier heart to cheer;  
'Burgoyne,' he cried, 'advances,  
But we will never fly;  
No, rather than surrender,  
We'll fight him till we die.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

From "Saratoga Song" in "Ballads and  
Songs of the Revolution."

"At eleven o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth of September, General Burgoyne advanced towards the American camp with his army in three columns. The left commanded by Riedesel, and composed of the German regiments, with Phillips and his artillery, moved on the river road.

"Frazer, with his own and Breyman's corps, made a detour far to the west, and Burgoyne, with the English regiments, took the centre and marched toward the heights on the right.

"Gates was told of the near approach of the enemy, but gave no orders to meet or prepare for them. Finally yielding to the urgent importunities of Arnold and others, he consented to allow the hovering Indians to be driven back.

"The American regiments behind their works were restless and eager for the contest, and no sooner were they permitted to move than they assailed the enemy with resistless impetuosity. Morgan led the way with his riflemen, who drove the advancing forces with such rapidity, that, for a moment, their commander lost sight of them. His shrill whistle soon recalled them to calmer work. Frazer at the same time was endeavoring to reach the American rear. Both striving for the same object, and their movements screened by the heavy forest, they met unexpectedly near Mill Creek, a few yards west of Freeman's cottage. A furious contest followed. Arnold and Morgan made a rapid counter-march against Frazer's left, and in

this movement encountered the whole English line under Burgoyne.

"They made so vigorous an attack that they were on the point of severing the wings of the British army, when Phillips came forward with his artillery, and the Americans were forced back within their lines.

"The American loss in killed and wounded was about three hundred, and the British nearly double that number. The latter held the field, and claimed a victory; it was worse than barren to them. Foiled in their main object, they were now burdened with many wounded, and convinced of the invincible courage of the Americans, they delayed the final contest to October 7th."—*From Mrs. Walworth's "Battles of Saratoga."*

September 23, 1780. Capture of André by John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, David Williams, and others.

Arnold's treason revealed.

A scurrilous ballad, written by André shortly before his capture, has a tendency to lessen the sympathy caused by his youth, beauty, and untimely fate. It is called the "Cow Chase." Wayne is the special object of his attack because he captured some cattle on a foraging raid, but he pays his compliments to the whole Continental Army as a "dung born tribe." The last verse, however, shows that he was not without the gift of prophecy.

"And now I've closed my epic strain,  
I tremble as I show it,  
Lest this same warrior-drover Wayne,  
Should ever catch the poet."

The last canto was published on the day of his capture. The original copy is still in existence, and has the following endorsement upon it under the signature of Major André:

"When the epic strain was sung  
The poet by the neck was hung,  
And to his cost he finds too late,  
The 'dung-born tribe' decides his fate."

SUSAN RIVIERE HETZEL.



## A TRUE INCIDENT OF COLONIAL TIMES.

*For the Continental Congress, February 23, 1893, by Maria L. Carrington, representing the Old Dominion Chapter, Richmond, Virginia.*

Years had passed away, and the horrors of Braddock's defeat were beginning to fade from the memory of the Colonists. Fort Du Quesne having fallen into the hands of the British, enterprising men began to take up and settle the lands around the old French fort, whose name had been changed to Fort Pitt, in honor of the great Commoner, who now wielded the helm of the British government.

Among these settlers was Captain McFarland, who brought with him to his new home in the wilderness, his fair young wife, Margaret Lynn, eldest daughter of Colonel William Lewis of the Sweet Springs, Virginia. She had left her father's stately home to follow her husband's fortunes, and they were living on a farm near Fort Pitt, surrounded by waving fields of grain and numerous flocks and herds. Peace once more blessed the land, and the Indians for a season appeared friendly.

But as time rolled on, rumors reached Fort Pitt of Indian pow-wows and war dances, and a feeling of insecurity grew among the settlers. Captain McFarland thought it wise to place his wife, and little son of eight or ten years of age, within the walls of the Fort, and it was finally determined to remove all the women and children into the Fortress for safety.

Days passed by and fear was giving place to confidence. The men went in and out of the Fort to cultivate their crops and attend to their cattle, leaving a guard for its protection.

One day the peaceful silence was broken by wild whoops and yells, and looking through the loop-hole of the fortification the dismayed women beheld a large party of savages, hideous with war-paint, and with the death dealing tomahawks

in their hands, pursuing a small body of white men who were trying to defend themselves as well as they could with their hoes and axes. They had been quietly at work in the fields when the Indians had attacked them unawares before they could reach their guns, which they had left stacked together, and they were now trying to reach the Fort and seek safety behind its defences. The guard in the Fortress opened fire on the Indians and killed a score or more of them, but still many of the white men were stricken down by the fierce enemy, and the bleeding scalps were torn from their heads in full view of their wives and children.

Mrs. McFarland, with dilated eyes and blanched cheeks, saw, or thought she saw, her husband felled to the earth by a hideous savage, and with a shriek of horror she fell fainting into the arms of her friends. The Indians were finally driven off, and when the garrison sallied forth to view the battle field many hearts were filled with mourning for they recognized in those mutilated corpses, those most dear to them on earth.

Mrs. McFarland did not find her husband's body, and she entertained a faint hope that he might have been carried off as a prisoner; but this was poor consolation, for in that case it was almost certain that his life was spared only that he might be tortured to death at some war dance to gratify the savage fury of the Indians. It was afterward found to be true that he had been taken prisoner; that he was treated with the greatest cruelty by his captors, who held him in close bondage for more than three years, when at last he recovered his liberty.

What could be more desolate than the situation of this poor young woman and her little boy, left without a protector in the wilderness far from their own people. For a few days she seemed stunned and stupefied by these calamities; but in those "brave days of old," when the souls of men were tested by constant danger and difficulty, the women also had hearts loyal and true, and heroic deeds performed by brave women showed them to be worthy mothers and wives of heroes.

After pondering over her desolate condition for some days, Mrs. McFarland came to the resolve that she would return to her father's home in Virginia. But how? that was the question. Between her and her father's house lay a howling

wilderness; inhabited by wild beasts and wilder savages. Not a man could be spared from the Fort—indeed, the journey could not be safely made without an escort of eight or ten men. She determined, at length, to attempt the journey alone with her little boy. Her friends tried to dissuade her, but her resolution was fixed. She selected a strong fleet horse to carry herself and her son. She loaded it with such provisions as it could bear, and placing a brace of pistols in the holsters, she set out on her perilous journey. For days she passed through a pathless wilderness, over hill and mountain, river and plain, undisturbed except by the hooting of the owl and barking of the fox; bivouacing at night in some secluded dell, praying each moment for protection against savage men and beasts, and trusting with sublime faith that her prayers would be answered. "He kept her in the hollow of his hand," and no danger came near her.

Weary and travel stained, heart-broken and desolate, yet full of thankfulness, she finally reached her childhood's home, where she was received as one risen from the dead, for news had been brought to her father that both her husband and herself had been slain by the Indians.

Everything which affection could suggest was done for her comfort and consolation, and she remained with her parents until her husband recovered his liberty, when they returned to their home, now safe and free from savage inroads.

One interesting incident I would mention in connection with Mrs. McFarland's journey. When she left Fort Pitt she cut a twig from a weeping willow which grew near her home. She carefully kept this little branch until she reached the Sweet Springs, when she planted it with the greatest care; it took root and grew and became a large and beautiful tree. Many of Colonel Lewis' descendants have in their grounds weeping willows grown from cuttings taken from this historic tree.

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND STATE HERALDRY.

"May 20th, 1775," the date of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, at Charlotte, North Carolina, (which was so entertainingly described by Mrs. Mary McKimlay Nash, in Vol. II, No. 5, of this magazine), has been immortalized this year by North Carolina embodying it, together with an appropriate motto, in the Coat-of-Arms or Seal of the State, by special enactment of the Legislature. The seal of North Carolina has several times been altered since its first adoption in 1778, but this year (1893) is only the second time that reference to the Revolution has been made upon it during these 115 years. The first time was towards the close of the last century, when, for a short period, the inscription "Independence, MDCCLXXVI," was used and soon abolished.

To Senator Jacob Battle, from the seventh district, in the North Carolina legislature of 1893, is due the honor of having this Revolutionary anniversary perpetually commemorated in the arms of the commonwealth, through the following act introduced by him :

WHEREAS, Contrary to the usage of nearly all the States of the American Union, the Coat-of-Arms and the great Seal of this State bear no motto; and whereas a suitable motto, expressive of some noble sentiment and indicative of some leading trait of our people, will be instructive as well as ornamental, and the State should also keep in perpetual remembrance the immortal Declaration of Independence made at Charlotte; now therefore,

*The General Assembly of North Carolina, do enact :*

SECTION 1. That the words "*esse quam videri*" are hereby adopted as the motto of this State, and as such shall be engraved on the Great Seal of North Carolina, and likewise at the foot of the Coat-of-Arms of the State as a part thereof.

SECTION 2. That on the Coat-of-Arms, in addition to the motto at the bottom, there shall be inscribed at the top the words "May the 20th, 1775."

SECTION 3. That this act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

This act became a law and was ratified at Raleigh on the twenty-first day of February, A. D., 1893.

GEORGIE STOCKTON HATCHER.



## PRE-REVOLUTIONARY ANNIVERSARIES, 1774.

The following extracts from the Colonial Records of North Carolina, of interest in themselves, are unmistakable evidence of how widespread and earnest was the sympathy, and how deep seated the excitement caused by the enforcement of the Boston Port Bill. The towns and counties named are far removed from one another, but their people were closely united in sentiment, and markedly uniform in their patriotic resolves and actions :

JULY 21st, 1774.

At a General Meeting of the Inhabitants of the district of Wilmington in the Province of North Carolina, held at the Town of Wilmington, July 21st, 1774.

WILLIAM HOOPER, Esq., *Chairman*.

*Resolved*, That we consider the cause of the Town of Boston as the common cause of British America, and as suffering in defence of the Rights of the Colonies in general ; and that therefore we have, in proportion to our abilities, sent a supply of Provisions for the indigent inhabitants of that place, thereby to express our sympathy in their Distress, and as an earnest of our sincere intentions to contribute by every means in our power to alleviate their distress and to induce them to maintain, with Prudence and firmness the glorious cause in which they at present suffer.

AUGUST 8th, 1774.

Proceedings of the Freeholders in Rowan County.

*August 8th, 1774.*

At a meeting August 8th, 1774, the following resolves were unanimously agreed to :

*Resolved*, That the Right to impose Taxes or Duties to be paid by the Inhabitants within this Province for any purpose

whatsoever is peculiar and essential to the General Assembly in whom the legislative Authority of the Colony is vested.

*Resolved*, That to impose a Tax or Duty upon Tea by the British Parliament in which the North American Colonies can have no Representation, to be paid upon Importation by the inhabitants of the said Colonies, is an Act of Power without Right, it is subversive to the Liberties of the said Colonies, deprives them of their Property without their own Consent, and thereby reduces them to a State of Slavery.

*Resolved*, That the late cruel and Sanguinary Acts of Parliament to be executed by military force and Ships of War upon our Sister Colony of the Massachusetts Bay and Town of Boston, is a strong evidence of the corrupt influence obtained by the British Ministry in Parliament and a convincing Proof of their fixed Intention to deprive the Colonies of their Constitutional Rights and Liberties.

*Resolved*, That the Cause of the Town of Boston is the common Cause of the American Colonies.

*Resolved*, That no friend to the rights and Liberties of America ought to purchase any Commodity whatsoever, except such as shall be excepted, which shall be imported from Great Britain after the general Association shall be agreed upon.

AUGUST 18th, 1774.

Proceedings of Freeholders in Anson County, 18th August, 1774.

At a meeting of the Freeholders of the County of Anson, in the Province of North Carolina, held at the Court House in said County, on the 15th day of August, 1774, Thomas Wade, Esq., Chairman,

*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Meeting, that the late arbitrary and cruel Acts of the British Parliament, and other unconstitutional and oppressive measures of the British Ministry, against the Town and Port of Boston, and province of Massachusetts Bay, are no other than the most alarming prelude to that yoke of slavery already manufactured by the said Ministry, and by them intended to be laid on all the Inhabitants of British America, and their posterity forever.



*Resolved*, That as in the opinion of this meeting the cause wherein the Inhabitants of Boston and Massachusetts Bay are now suffering, in consequence of the aforesaid Arbitrary and Cruel Acts, is the common cause of all North America, the Committee hereby appointed be instructed to open and promote a subscription for contributing towards the relief of those indigent Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, whom the operations of one of the aforesaid Acts has deprived of the means of subsisting themselves, and that the money or other Articles collected by such subscription be transmitted by the above Committee to the said Committee of Correspondence appointed for this Colony, to be laid out and disposed of in such manner as the said last mentioned Committee shall conceive to be best adapted to answer the design thereof.

North Carolina has no special interest in the immediate cause of the movements against Great Britain. The shutting up of the port of Boston, manifestly, would not injuriously affect the port of Wilmington, but, on the contrary, would, in all probability, increase the trade. It appears, therefore, that North Carolina went into the contest, not from any pecuniary interest in the premises, but on principle, and that when she said the cause of Boston was the cause of all, she meant to avow her readiness to resist British oppression wherever it might show itself in America, and that she really meant what she said the event demonstrated. The merchants of Wilmington dispatched one of their own vessels with provisions and supplies, without even freight charges, for the relief of the people of Boston, who had come to much suffering because of the loss of their trade. Nor was Wilmington the only point in North Carolina from which relief was sent to Boston. The action of Anson county has already been shown in the resolution quoted above, and the following shows that the town of New-Bern was equally active and generous :

ADVERTISEMENT.

NEW-BERN, *January 27, 1775.*

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that Mr. John Green and Mr. John Wright Stanly, Merchants in New-Bern, have

agreed with, and are appointed by, the Committee of Craven County, to receive the subscriptions which are now or may hereafter be raised in the said County for the relief of the distressed inhabitants of Boston and to ship the same to Salem as soon as the several subscriptions are received.

Proper stores are provided by the said gentlemen for the reception of corn, Pease, Pork and such articles as the subscribers may choose to pay their subscriptions in.

Those gentlemen, therefore, who have taken in subscriptions, either in money or effects, are desired to direct the same to be paid, or delivered, to the above named Mess. Green and Stanly on or before the middle of March next; and to send as soon as possible an account of the subscriptions which are or may be, taken, by which they may be governed in receiving.

R. COGDELL, *Chairman*.

The County of Craven, which still bears the name, was named after William, Lord Craven, one of the "Lords Proprietors of Carolina," under the charters granted by Charles II, in 1663 and 1665

GRAHAM DAVES.

NEW-BERN, NORTH CAROLINA.



## CHAPTERS.

---

MOUNT VERNON CHAPTER, *Fairfax County, Virginia*.—This Chapter held their first monthly meeting in Alexandria at the residence of Miss Rebecca Powell, the Secretary, on June fifteenth, the anniversary of General Washington's appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army.

The Secretary, Miss Rebecca Powell, read the following unpublished letter of General Washington, kindly lent her by its owner, Mr. John Tackett, of Alexandria. The letter was carefully framed between two sheets of glass. It was written four days after receiving the commission and two days after the battle of Bunker Hill, but before the news of the fight could have reached Philadelphia.

It is addressed to his friend :

BURWELL BASSETT, Esq.,  
at Eltham in New Kent Co. Virginia.  
Free. G. Washington.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19th, 1775.

Dear Sir :

I am now Imbarked on a tempestuous Ocean from whence perhaps no friendly harbour is to be found. I have been called by the unanimous voice of the Colonies to the command of the Continental Army. It is an honour I by no means aspired to—it is an honour I wished to avoid, as well from an unwillingness to quit the peaceful enjoyment of my Family as from a thorough conviction of my own Incapacity and want of experience in the conduct of so momentous a concern—but the partiality of the Congress added to some political motives, left me without a choice. May God grant therefore that my acceptance of it may be attended with some good to the common cause & without Injury (from want of knowledge) to my reputation. I can answer but for three

things ; a firm belief in the justice of our cause, a close attention to the prosecution of it, and the strictest Integrity — If these cannot supply the places of ability and experience the cause will suffer, & more than probable my character along with it, as reputation derives its principal support from success; — but it will be remembered I hope that no desire or insinuation of mine, placed me in this situation. I shall not be deprived therefore of a comfort in the worst event, if I retain a consciousness of having acted to the best of my Judgment. I am at liberty to tell you, that the Congress in Committee (which will, I daresay, be agreed to when reported) have consented to a Continental Currency, & have ordered two million of Dollars to be struck for payment of the Troops, and other Expenses arising from our defence — as also 15000 men are voted as a Continental Army, which will I daresay be augmented as more Troops are Imbarked and Imbarking for America than was expected at the time of passing that vote — As to the other articles of Intelligence I must refer you to the Gazettes as the Printers pick up everything that is stirring in that way. The other Officers in the higher departments are not yet fixed—therefore I cannot give you their names,—I set out tomorrow for Boston where I shall always be glad to hear from you,—My best wishes attend Mrs. Bassett, Mrs. Dandridge and all our relations & friends—in great haste, as I have many letters to write & other business to do, I remain with the sincerest regard

D' Sir

Y' most obedt.

& affect, H'ble Serv't

(signed)

G. WASHINGTON.

P. S. I must intreat you & Mrs. Bassett, if possible, to visit at Mt. Vernon as also my wife's other friends—I could wish you to take her down, as I have no expectation of returning till Winter & feel great uneasiness at her lonesome situation. I have sent my chariot and Horses back.

Miss Hetzel, the Regent, then submitted the By-Laws which were approved by the charter members present.

Mrs. Jane W. Blackburn Moran and Mrs. Ann S. Green were made Vice-Regents. Mrs. Moran is the descendant of

Colonel Blackburn, the grand-neice of Mrs. Bushrod Washington,\* the cousin of the first five charter members, and the sister-in-law of the Treasurer, Mrs. John Blackburn. The organization of the Mount Vernon Chapter was greatly owing to her energy, influence and her unwearied efforts. She was present at the organization of the Chapter, and opened the meeting with the following address :

*"Ladies of the Mount Vernon Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution :*

As the grand-neice of Mrs. Judge Bushrod Washington, the former mistress of this historic home, I take pleasure in introducing to you as charter members of your Chapter my cousins, the five daughters of John Augustine Washington, the last owner of Mount Vernon, and the only daughters of the American Revolution ever born here ; and Miss Susan Riviere Hetzel, the Regent of your Chapter, which I assisted her to form from historic families of Alexandria. She is the daughter of Mrs. Margaret Hetzel, of the Mary Washington Memorial Association, which has so nobly worked for a suitable monument to be placed over Mary Ball Washington, the mother of Virginia's greatest son, who lies asleep under the shade of the trees a few yards from this spot, where we are now organizing a Mount Vernon Chapter of the descendants of the men who fought for the liberties of these United States."

Mrs. Moran founded the Albemarle Chapter, the first Chapter in Virginia, and it was through her efforts and her interest in the Continental Hall that the beautiful Colonial ball was given at Monticello last summer, which resulted in the Albemarle Chapter sending so liberal a contribution to the fund. She is also the author of "Miss Washington of Virginia," a dainty, graceful and truthful picture of Virginia plantation life before the civil war ; which she has generously presented to the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be sold for the benefit of the Continental Hall.

SUSAN RIVIERE HETZEL, *Regent.*

\*This statement corrects that made in an address published in the August issue, page 190, which mentions Mrs. Moran as the great grand-neice of Judge Bushrod Washington.

JOHN MARSHALL CHAPTER, *Louisville, Kentucky*.—June the tenth being the second Saturday of the month, a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the residence of Mrs. John W. Green, 1612 Third Avenue.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and accepted, an interesting paper was beautifully read by Mrs. Graham Macfarlane, relating to the will of Colonel Hancock Taylor, one of the pioneer settlers of Kentucky, and a distinguished ancestor of the hostess.

On exhibition was an antique cedar chest, now a valued heirloom of the Green family, and during Revolutionary times used as a receptacle for monies and valuables belonging to the patriot army.

Mrs. Fannie Throuston Ballard contributed a most interesting essay detailing the well-known incident of her grandfather, who, when the tocsin of war was sounded between the colonies and the mother country, left his pulpit (he being a minister of the gospel) asking his congregation to follow him to the field of action, which it did to a man.

Our next meeting will be on September ninth, with the prospect of an increased membership.

MRS. JUDELLE TRABUE MACGREGOR, *Secretary*,

AUGUSTA CHAPTER, *Augusta, Georgia*.—We have to report with infinite sadness the death of Colonel Charles Collock Jones, the senior member of our Advisory Board. When a whole state has out-poured in sonorous, deepfelt words, beautiful in their earnest consciousness of irreparable loss, its sorrow over the untimely "taking off" of so valuable a citizen, little remains for our feeble voices to add; small the flower we can add to the wreath of immortals Georgia is weaving in fond remembrance of a son of whom she was so justly proud. But, while men sing psalms of praise which we cannot hope to emulate, we, members of the Augusta Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, beg to lay our tribute of admiration over the true heart of this

scholar, christian, loyal friend; this noblest type of the knightly pure-souled Southern gentleman.

We cannot fill his place on our Board; his vacant chair there but emphasizes the void in our hearts.

COLUMBIA CHAPTER, *Columbia, South Carolina*.—The Columbia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Columbia, South Carolina, was organized on the fifteenth of May, 1893—the first to be formed in the State. Its officers are: Chapter Regent, Mrs. Clark Waring; Secretary, Mrs. Edward Screven; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank Kendall; Historian, Miss Ellen S. Elmore. Other members—Mrs. John E. Bacon, State Regent; Miss Isabel D. Martin, Mrs. Donald McQuenn, Mrs. Dr. Babcock, Miss Louise Lynch, Miss Mary V. M. Capers, Mrs. John Clarkson, Mrs. Fannie M. Jones, Mrs. Henry Richardson. Many other ladies of the city, eligible for membership, have signified their intention of uniting with the Chapter when they return home in the near future, from their summer outing. The Columbia Chapter is a live member and may confidently be relied upon to keep up in the procession of "Daughters."

NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER, *New York*.—A meeting of the Committee of Safety in June, resulted in the election of a Corresponding Secretary and Registrar for the Chapter.

The Regent of the Chapter invited the Princess Eulalia, Infanta of Spain, to become an Honorary Member of this Chapter, which invitation was most cordially accepted. Mrs. Doremus says, in a letter to the Editor: "The Infanta gave us a charming reception; she said the honor and attention we had offered her gave her more pleasure than anything which had been done for her since her arrival in America." And she adds, that a leading officer of the National Society has said, in relation to her mother, "That as there are exceptions to every rule, in this case considering the relationship of Eulalia's ancestors to this country, we are right in offering her this honor." And another person wrote her that "the woman



New York City Chapter  
of the  
Daughters of the American Revolution  
has the honor by permission of enrolling the name of

Her Royal Highness  
Infanta Dona Eulalia

as an Honorary Life Member of this Society  
in remembrance of her illustrious ancestors who enabled

Columbus to discover America.

The Executive Committee begs  
Her Royal Highness to accept the Badge  
and Insignia of the Society.

Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus  
Regent.

Mrs. Donald McLean      Mrs. Janvier LeQue  
Secretary.      Corresponding Sect.

Mary Van Buren Vanderpool      C. L. Kenechan  
Treasurer.      Registrar.

June 22, 1893.



whose ancestor gave her jewels, that we might enjoy this blessed country, now has some claim upon us."

We present a copy of the certificate presented to the Infanta.

CHICAGO CHAPTER, *Chicago, Illinois*.—The Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution entertained the Sons of the American Revolution, the National Society and all visiting Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution at two o'clock on June 17th, 1893, in the assembly hall of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. About eight hundred guests were present.

American flags and the national colors unsparingly used, adorned the hall, while the platform, with its three beautiful stained glass windows, was tastefully decorated with flags, palms and flowers. During the afternoon Sousa's band rendered selections of patriotic music.

The short programme which preceded the reception was opened with prayer by Bishop Charles E. Cheney, chaplain general of the Sons of the American Revolution. Sousa's band then played the "Star Spangled Banner." Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the board of lady managers, made an address of welcome to the Woman's Building, which was followed by the address of welcome to the State of Illinois by Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, Illinois State Regent. Mrs. Kerfoot said :

"I have the pleasure and privilege of welcoming you to Illinois, and of inviting you to join us in the exercises to be held in this beautiful hall, so graciously tendered us by the president of the board of lady managers, and to participate in the joyous observance of this great national anniversary. One hundred and eighteen years ago to-day victory crowned the American arms at the battle of Bunker Hill. Thirteen isolated colonies on the Atlantic shore, hemmed in between the ocean and the wilderness, without wealth, without allies, without influence, then inaugurated the momentous struggle which was to give to the world this free nation.

In the heart of each one of you to-day is treasured the memory of one of these immortal thirteen. That one in which

your forefathers lived and fought and conquered a glorious peace. You, their descendants, have perpetuated the memory of their patriotic deeds by the formation of the honorable societies which Illinois welcomes through me. You have grown to be a power in our land—a beneficent power, which shall revivify the old-time virtues of love of country and reverence of ancestry; which shall build anew the crumbling monument and publish anew the half-forgotten record, that time and indifference have conspired to destroy. You are a social power, whose influence is felt in a thousand homes and acknowledged in every center of refinement in your country. Who better than you, then, Daughters and Sons, shall inspire patriotism and set the fashion of being American; stamp with the approval of that mysterious and absolute sovereign, "the best society," American speech and American customs; give Bunker Hill and Yorktown the precedence of Hastings and Agincourt and make it a social distinction to be American? To you, Daughters of the American Revolution, the American standing army of the nineteenth century, upon whom it devolves in this generation to win this last great victory for your country, to you I extend a cordial welcome and greet you as the honored guests of Illinois."

The address of welcome from the Chicago Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was given by Mrs. Henry M. Shepard, Chapter, Regent. The audience then listened to an address by General Horace Porter, President General of the Sons of the American Revolution. This was followed by addresses by William W. Henry, Virginia Society Sons of the American Revolution, and Henry M. Shepard, President of the Illinois Society. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Miss Bulkley, completed the programme. Immediately afterward the guests were received by Mrs. John N. Jewett, Chairman, and other members of the Reception Committee.

A delightful feature of the affair was the serving of tea by the Javanese in their native costumes. Later in the afternoon the guests repaired to the Massachusetts building to take part in the exercises commemorative of the battle of Bunker Hill.

## WINTER WORK FOR CHAPTERS.

*An interview with a Chapter Historian.*

*Historian.* I wish you would tell me what our Chapter can do at its meetings that will be interesting and useful?

*Editor.* Study American History by papers and discussions, and practice parliamentary law.

*Historian.* Some of our members think we should undertake charitable work.

*Editor.* I believe that every "Daughter" is already engaged in some charity either through her church or otherwise; we promulgate a charity beyond this which pertains to good citizenship and all that relates to it in the past and present.

*Historian.* You really think then that our work is in one sense a charity?

*Editor.* Yes, as the noblest charity incites to self-help, so our work incites to self-education; this self education in all that relates to the principles of liberty in our government, and their application to our modern life is one of our aims.

*Historian.* How can we make this practical?

*Editor.* By the study of history, which might well begin with the history of counties and of states.

*Historian.* Would that be better than to start with the history of the colonies?

*Editor.* Yes, because it leads up to the colonies by a natural process; I should begin in every Chapter with a careful and accurate study of the town or city in which it is located, and of the leading men and women who first settled the place, and also of the families who had an influence over its progress. How interesting to trace their genealogy sufficiently to show our American lineage, and the effect of such a family in the community; thus we would learn to appreciate the unselfish and higher uses of a knowledge of genealogy and discourage the silly pride in family distinction which is hurtful. I would,

however, give only a portion of time to history, and have frequent discussions on the live topics of the present. The many problems of our complex life making the history of the future, are open to us, as the Chinese exclusion law, the introduction of Mohammedanism, the immigration laws, the expenditure of money in public schools, do the children of the nation get these millions of dollars in the best possible form, should not some thousands be used to teach them good citizenship, how can our Society influence these schools in the direction of true Americanism?

*Historian.* Stop ; I entreat you ; these subjects are more than we can discuss in a year, and sometime must be left for the parliamentary practice ; how can we manage that ?

*Editor.* Well, it may not be agreeable to all members of the Chapter, therefore, I would at some meeting, when you have reached the point of miscellaneous business——

*Historian.* Miscellaneous business ! how will I know when we have come to that point ?

*Editor.* Why, surely you conduct your meetings according to regular rules of order, reading the minutes, reports of officers, reports of committees, unfinished business, miscellaneous business ?

*Historian.* Well in a vague sort of way, we try to do something like this, but it usually resolves itself into one or two papers read, and then a sort of general conversation in pairs about what we think should be done, few of us having the courage to really address the meeting concerning the desired action.

*Editor.* This is the reason why the parliamentary practice would be a help. It should be proposed as a class with voluntary membership composed of " Daughters " only, yet not obligatory on any who does not wish to participate ; thus you obtain a cheerful concession to the less agreeable requirements of such practice. A chairman should be chosen who has some experience, or a teacher engaged for a few lessons ; a book—Robert's, Cushing's or Shattuck's Rules of Order should be selected for a standard and members of the class be required to own one.

*Historian.* Should the chairman be an officer of the Chapter, and how often should we meet ?

*Editor.* It is immaterial about the selection of a chairman, only the Chapter officers should hold no rank in the class, ex-officio. A fortnight is a good interval between meetings.

*Historian.* Will we have anything more to do for Mrs. Harrison's portrait that is to go in the White House ?

*Editor.* That depends on what you have already done. Every "Daughter" is expected to subscribe to the fund ; if you have any members in your Chapter who have not done so, they should be reminded of the necessity for it, and informed that the money can be sent either through the Chapter or individually to the treasurer of the fund.

*Historian.* Do you think Chapter meetings should always be conducted in a strictly business way, or may they sometimes be purely social ?

*Editor.* It is desirable to have social meetings, and the greatest friendliness and cordiality should exist among members of a Chapter, even if they never meet except as "Daughters," but when any business is to be transacted, however brief it may be, and however informal the occasion is socially, it is better to carry on the business in good parliamentary form.

I would suggest to you the assistance which will be found by consulting the pages of the AMERICAN MONTHLY at your meetings. I take it for granted that your Chapter owns a bound copy of the back numbers. The Secretary should have the bound volume at your meetings, with the minute book and other papers. Reference can be made to it in regard to proceedings of the Congress and the Board of Management, as well as to historical papers that relate to many subjects and persons who may be mentioned in historical debate. The Chapter Directory, which is revised in the September number, will be useful at Chapter meetings. If the Chapter has not already subscribed, I trust you, as Historian, will consider it your duty to offer a resolution to that effect at the very next meeting. Let the motion be something like this :

*Resolved :* "That this Chapter subscribe for the official organ of the National Society, with funds in the Chapter

Treasury, or which may be paid in, the periodical to be in charge of the Secretary with other records, and used for reference, not to be loaned, the numbers to be bound on the completion of each volume, and the name of the Chapter to be printed on the outside of each one."

*Historian.* Will not that prevent some members from subscribing, as they may see the MAGAZINE without doing so.

*Editor.* I have unlimited faith in education and the extension of knowledge ; the more one reads in any given direction, the greater the desire to learn ; the MAGAZINE is intended to cultivate a taste for patriotic pursuits, and its introduction to the "Daughters," will, I believe, induce them to sustain it liberally.





## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

---

The restful summer months are past, and again our thoughts and aspirations turn to earnest work and active occupations, whether it be in domestic, social or business life. Fresh from the seaside, with tones of the throbbing ocean still haunting us, or from the mountains whose lifted beauties yet carry our thoughts to loftier desires, or from the fashionable resorts, where in the idleness and comfort of our summer gowns, we have observed men and events; we return from each and all of these places with a new interest in life and an acquired vigor to carry out well defined purposes.

---

To the domestic, social and business life of women in this century have been added new obligations; this expansion of woman's life is largely due to the development of American principles of independence; it becomes a species of memonitarianism, which belongs technically to social life in its broad sense, but not when the life of woman is considered in its relations to "society." The theory of American society is democratic; its practice is a method of exclusiveness as rigid as the customs of the most aristocratic nations. It is in the very nature of society to develop such exclusiveness as it grows older; we cannot change it if we would, and we probably would not change it if we could. There are times and places where religion over-tops society and brings women of various circles into a common sympathy, but these are rare, for sectarianism has made religion a source of division rather than of union, and we find as many circles as there are churches; even charities are usually conducted within the limits of separate churches.

---

Among Americans who recognize the equality of human nature, in certain social lines, to be as imperative as in certain

political lines, there have grown up clubs and societies answering to this demand. Daughters of the American Revolution are pre-eminently the product of this development. Therefore this society, within its genealogical limits, is oblivious of wealth or poverty, of social prominence or simplicity of condition, of varying religions, of diverse political inclinations, but covers all with a broad patriotism which demands only good citizenship that may be defined, respectability. This allied to a record of three or more generations of ancestors beginning with one who was active for liberty as enforced in the Revolution, leads us into the broad humanitarianism, the sisterhood of women that will be of infinite service to both the exclusive and more democratic woman. Men can easily meet each other as men; women are only now learning to meet each other as women. In doing this they do not destroy society and its distinctions, whether they are wise or foolish, but they gain an additional interest, larger opportunity for good and a further incentive toward self-education. In this broader life, ability and earnestness will lead, whether it comes from those who shine in society or from the women who care little for its allurements, and modest virtue will win its unheralded victories.

---

Back numbers of THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE are desired, especially those of July, August, September, October and November, of 1892, and January, February and March, of 1893. Those persons not wishing to bind them will confer a favor by sending them to MRS. M. M. BARCLAY, 1505 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., where ten cents a copy and postage will be paid.



## CHAPTER DIRECTORY.

1893.

OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS  
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*President-General,*

Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson.

*President Presiding,*

Mrs. Wm. D. Cabell.

*Vice-President-General in Charge of Organization of Chapters,*

Mrs. H. V. Boynton, 1321 R street.

*Vice-Presidents-General,*

Mrs. Jas. R. McKee, Indiana.	Mrs. Richard Hays,
Mrs. E. H. Walworth,	Pennsylvania.
New York.	Mrs. A. S. McGill,
Mrs. Joshua Wilbour,	New Jersey.
Rhode Island.	Mrs. D. R. Barclay,
Mrs. O. H. Tittmann,	District of Columbia.
District of Columbia.	Mrs. Harry Heth,
Mrs. Jno. R. Putnam,	District of Columbia.
New York.	Mrs. Ben. Butterworth,
Mrs. A. C. Geer,	District of Columbia.
District of Columbia.	Miss E. Loraine Dorsey,
Mrs. L. P. Beale, Virginia.	District of Columbia.
Mrs. A. H. Cox, Georgia.	Mrs. J. C. Breckinridge,
Mrs. S. B. Buckner, Kentucky.	Kentucky.
Mrs. A. G. Brackett, U. S. A.	Mrs. S. T. Stranahan,
Mrs. M. MacDonald, Virginia.	New York.
Mrs. Jas. McMillan, Michigan.	

*Treasurer-General,*

Mrs. F. W. Dickins, U. S. Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.

*Historian-General,*

Mrs. Henry F. Blount, "The Oaks," Georgetown, D. C.

*Secretaries-General,*

Recording, Miss Eugenia Washington, 813 Thirteenth street.  
Corresponding, Mrs. A. Howard Clark, 1527 S street.

*Registrars-General,*

Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, 1203 N street.

Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson, 1214 Ninth street.

*Chaplain-General,*

Mrs. E. T. Bullock, 1312 Riggs street.

*Surgeon-General,*

Mrs. M. S. Lockwood, 812 Twelfth street.

## ARKANSAS.

State Regent,

Mrs. C. R. Breckinridge,  
Pine Bluff.*Pine Bluff Chapter.*

Regent,

Miss F. Bocage,  
Pine Bluff.*Warren and Monticello Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. M. R. Kirkpatrick,  
Monticello.

## CALIFORNIA.

State Regent,

Mrs. V. K. Maddox,  
Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.

Honorary State Regent,

Mrs. H. McL. Martin.

*Sequoia Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. Wm. Alvord,  
2200 Broadway, San Francisco.

Vice-Regent,

Mrs. S. W. Holliday,  
Clay and Octavia streets.

Corresponding Secretary,

Mrs. D. W. Horsburgh,  
1517 Washington street.

Recording Secretary,

Miss A. P. Alden,  
614 Copp street.

Treasurer,

Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman,  
Occidental Hotel.

Registrars,

{	Mrs. A. S. Hubbard,
	1912 Pierce street.
	Mrs. M. L. Hoffman,
	432 Bartlett street.

## CONNECTICUT.

State Regent,	Mrs. deB. R. Keim, Hartford.
Honorary State Regents,	<div> <div></div> <div> Mrs. E. R. Smith, 39 Collins street, Hartford. Mrs. W. M. Alcott, 62 Church street, Norwich. </div> </div>

*Clinton and Guilford Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. D. Holbrook, Box 252.
---------	-------------------------------

*Danbury Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. N. Wildman.
Vice-Regent,	Miss M. W. Averill.
Registrar,	Mrs. A. Stebbins.

*Groton and Stonington Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. C. H. Slocomb, "Daisy Crest, over Groton."
---------	--

*Ruth Wyllys Chapter, Hartford.*

Regent,	Mrs. J. M. Holcombe, 79 Spring street.
Vice-Regent,	Miss A. R. Phelps, 72 Washington street.
Secretary,	Mrs. A. H. Pitkin, 625 Asylum avenue.
Treasurer,	Miss M. W. Wainwright.

Registrar,	Miss M. K. Tacott, 815 Asylum avenue.
------------	--

*Lyme Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss A. Griffin, Lyme.
---------	---------------------------

*Ruth Haart Chapter, Meriden.*

Regent,	Mrs. L. E. Coe, 261 Colony street.
Secretary,	Mrs. H. W. Lines, 65 Pleasant street.
Treasurer,	Mrs. B. C. Kennard, 684 Broad street.
Registrar,	Miss F. L. Twiss, 1096 Broad street.
Historian,	Mrs. W. G. Hooker, "Chesknoll," Columbus avenue.

*General James Wadsworth Chapter, Middletown.*

Regent,	Mrs. D. W. Northrop, Church street.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. M. H. Bunce.
Secretary,	Mrs. C. C. Elmer, 189 Broad street.
Treasurer,	Miss S. S. Clark, 325 High street.
Registrar,	Mrs. M. R. Wilcox.

*Fanny Ledyard Chapter, Mystic.*

Regent,	Mrs. H. C. Denison, Box 53.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. E. W. Giddings.
Vice-Regent for Noank,	Mrs. L. D. Brown.
Recording Secretary,	Mrs. H. K. H. Bradford.
Corresponding Secretary,	Mrs. Simmons.
Treasurer,	Mrs. E. H. Noyes.
Registrar,	Mrs. E. E. N. Morgan.
Historian,	Miss A. A. Murphy.
Chaplain,	Mrs. M. E. Dewey.

*Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, New Haven.*

Regent,	Miss E. L. Gerry.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. M. F. Tyler, 36 College street.
Secretary,	Mrs. E. H. Jenkins, Experimental Station.
Treasurer,	Mrs. W. Berbe, 83 Wall street.
Registrar,	Mrs. G. A. Newcomb, 90 York square.
Historian,	Mrs. J. C. Kinney, 1164 Chapel street.

*Lucretia Harris Shaw Chapter, New London.*

Chapter Regent,	Mrs. Wm. S. Chappell, 11 Channing street.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. M. K. H. Stayner, 106 Bank street.
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss G. P. Johnson, 8 Union street.
Recording Secretary,	Miss M. J. Turner, 4 Bulkley place.

Treasurer,	Mrs. A. H. Smith, 4 North Main street.
Registrar,	Mrs. C. A. D. Bramble, 8 Lincoln avenue.
Historian,	Miss J. R. Perkins.

*New Milford Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. H. S. Mygatt, New Milford.
---------	------------------------------------

*Norwalk Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. E. J. Hill, 40 West avenue.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. T. J. Noble.
Secretary,	Mrs. J. G. Gregory.
Treasurer,	Miss S. S. Betts, East avenue.

*Pomfret Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss J. T. Ripley, Pomfret.
---------	--------------------------------

*Simsbury Chapter.*

Regent.	Mrs. C. P. Croft.
Secretary,	Miss M. Phelps.
Registrar,	Miss M. M. Winslow.

*Stamford Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. K. S. H. Brooks, "Rothenfelz."
---------	--

*Waterbury Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. S. W. Kellogg, 83 Prospect street.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. H. C. Griggs, 36 Cottage Place.

*West Cornwall and Canaan Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. T. S. Gold, West Cornwall.
Vice-Regent for Canaan,	Mrs. H. Tracy.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Regent of the District,	Mrs. S. K. Alexander, 1207 N street N. W.
Honorary Regent of the District,	Mrs. M. Devereux, Georgetown, D. C.

*Dolly Madison Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. M. M. Hallowell.
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss S. B. Maclay, 1011 M street N. W.
Recording Secretary,	Miss A. Van Hook, 1738 Q street N. W.
Treasurer,	Miss H. Hallowell.
Registrar,	

*Mary Washington Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. E. B. Lee, 1653 Pennsylvania avenue.
Vice-Regent,	Miss V. Miller, 1105 New Hampshire avenue.
Corresponding Secretary,	Mrs. M. L. Morris.
Recording Secretary,	Miss J. E. Richards, 1527 Rhode Island avenue.
Treasurer,	Mrs. D. S. Lamb, 810 Tenth street.
Registrar,	Mrs. V. B. Janin, 12 Lafayette Square.

*Martha Washington Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss L. Pike, 1312 Florida avenue.
Secretary,	
Treasurer,	
Registrar,	

## FLORIDA.

*Jacksonville Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. J. N. C. Stockton.
---------	-------------------------

## GEORGIA.

State Regent,	Mrs. T. S. Morgan, Augusta.
Honorary State Regents	Mrs. W. W. Gordon, 124 South Broad street, Savannah.
	Miss J. McKinley, 38 West Peach Tree street, Atlanta.



*Atlanta Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. W. M. Dickson, 494 Peach Tree street.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. A. H. Cox, 25 Houston street.
Corresponding Secretary and Registrar,	
Recording Secretary,	Miss L. Orme.
Treasurer,	Mrs. P. King.
Historian,	Mrs. W. H. Leyden, 198 Peach Tree street.

*Augusta Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. C. H. Phinizy, Augusta.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. T. D. Caswell, 717 Greene street.
Secretary,	Mrs. A. W. Rowland, 1128 Greene street.
Treasurer,	Mrs. W. K. Miller.
Registrar,	Mrs. H. G. Jeffries, 819 Broad street.
Historian,	Miss S. G. Stokes.

*Athens Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. E. A. Crawford, Athens.
Vice-Regent,	Miss Rutherford.
Corresponding Secretary,	Mrs. H. C. White.
Recording Secretary,	Miss Hamilton.
Treasurer,	Mrs. A. L. Hull.
Historian,	Mrs. M. A. Lipscomb.

*Columbus Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss A. C. Benning, 1420 Broad street.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. C. L. B. Osburn, Corner Third avenue and Thirteenth street.
Corresponding Secretary and Registrar,	Mrs. E. C. F. McDougald, 1309 Third avenue.
Recording Secretary,	Mrs. E. T. Byington, Columbus <i>Evening Ledger</i> .
Treasurer,	Mrs. N. J. Holstead, 1405 Broad street.
Historian,	Mrs. D. F. Epping, 1423 Broad street.

*Pulaski Chapter, Griffin.*

Regent,	Mrs. E. A. Hill, Griffin.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. T. R. Mills.
Secretary,	Mrs. R. G. Redding.
Treasurer,	Mrs. B. R. Blakeley.
Registrar,	Mrs. G. L. A. De Votie.

*Macon Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. M. A. Washington, 624 College street.
---------	---

*Xavier Chapter, Rome.*

Regent,	Mrs. M. A. Nevin, Rome.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville.
Corresponding Secretary,	Mrs. E. H. Harris.
Recording Secretary,	Mrs. T. W. Alexander.
Treasurer,	Mrs. G. B. Bayard.
Registrar,	Miss W. M. Holmes.
Historian,	Mrs. W. P. Whitmore.

*Savannah Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. R. Lawton, Savannah.
---------	---------------------------------

## ILLINOIS.

State Regent,	Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, 136 Rush street, Chicago.
---------------	--

*Chicago Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. H. M. Shepard, 4445 Grand Boulevard.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. L. Stone, 3352 Indiana avenue.
Secretary,	Miss N. D. Everhart, The Virginia.
Treasurer,	Mrs. J. C. Bundy, 532 LaSalle avenue.
Registrar,	Mrs. F. A. Smith, Hotel Metropole.

*Evanston Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss C. G. Lunt, 742 Judson avenue.
---------	--

*Galena Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. C. D. McClellan,  
Galena.

*Moline Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. M. L. Dure,  
Moline.

*North Shore Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. B. A. Fessenden,  
Highland Park, Illinois.

*Peoria Chapter.*

Regent, Miss L. B. Rice,  
207 Crescent avenue.

## INDIANA.

State Regent,  
Honorary Regent, Mrs. E. W. Colfax,  
South Bend.

*Evansville Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. H. D. Ames,  
Evansville.

*Indianapolis Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. C. C. Foster,  
762 Penn street.

*La Fayette Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. R. S. Hatcher,  
La Fayette.

## IOWA.

State Regent, Mrs. M. L. D. Putnam,  
Davenport.

*Davenport Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. R. H. Nott,  
Davenport.

*Abigail Adams Chapter, Des Moines.*

Regent, Mrs. L. F. Andrews,  
834 Fifth street.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. G. W. Ogilvie,  
1208 Walnut street.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Bailey,  
1810 Sixth avenue.

Registrar, Mrs. H. Howel,  
1021 Twenty-sixth street.

*Dubuque Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. C. A. Cooley,  
211 West End avenue.

## KANSAS.

State Regent,

*Leavenworth Chapter.*

Regent, Miss E. D. Caldwell,  
Leavenworth.

## KENTUCKY.

State Regent,

Mrs. S. M. E. Pope,  
701 West Chestnut street, Louisville.

Honorary Regents, { Mrs. W. Lindsay,  
Frankfort.  
Miss F. T. Ballard,  
241 East Walnut street, Louisville.

*Lexington Chapter.*

Regent, Miss E. S. Kinkead.

*John Marshall Chapter, Louisville.*

Regent, Mrs. P. T. Allin.  
Secretary, Mrs. J. T. McGregor.  
Treasurer, Mrs. N. Gray,  
2009 Brook street.  
Registrar, Mrs. E. Eaches,  
9 Belgravia avenue.

*Owensboro Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. C. H. Todd,  
603 Frederica street.

*Paducah Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. W. W. Powell.

*Paris Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. A. D. Lucas.

## LOUISIANA.

State Regent,

Mrs. E. C. Ferguson,  
150 Julia street, New Orleans.

## MAINE.

State Regent,

*Portland Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. J. E. Palmer,  
60 Winter street.

## MARYLAND.

State Regent,

Mrs. A. L. Knott,  
919 North Charles street, Baltimore.*Baltimore Chapter.*

Regent,

Miss A. K. Blount,  
919 Cathedral street.

Corresponding Secretary,

Mrs. N. Poe,  
146 Lanvale street.

Recording Secretary,

Miss M. P. Keenan,  
919 N. Charles street.

Treasurer,

Miss E. Burnap,  
Chase and Calvert streets.

Registrar,

Miss E. S. Thomas,  
1102 McCulloch street.*Cumberland Chapter.*

Regent,

M. M. McKaig,  
Cumberland.*Easton Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. C. H. Gibson,  
Talbot county.*Frederick Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. J. Ritchie,  
Frederick.

Corresponding Secretary,

Miss M. J. Williams.

Recording Secretary,

Miss E. M. Johnson.

Registrar,

Mrs. A. G. Ross.

Treasurer,

Miss M. W. McPherson.

Historian,

Mrs. W. C. Johnson.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

State Regent,

Mrs. S. Eliot,  
44 Brimmer street, Boston.

Honorary Regent,

Miss R. W. Brown,  
140 Beacon street, Boston.

Honorary Regent,

Mrs. H. P. Quincy,  
452 Beacon street, Boston.*Warren and Prescott Chapter, Boston.*

Regent,

Miss A. Warren,  
63 Commonwealth avenue.

Secretary,

Mrs. J. E. Davis,  
154 Beacon street.

Treasurer,

Mrs. F. P. Sprague,  
229 Commonwealth avenue.

Registrar,

Miss A. B. Shaw,  
169 Marlborough street.*Mercy Warren Chapter, Springfield.*

Regent.

Mrs. A. A. Calkins,  
14 Maple street.

Vice-Regent,

Mrs. J. M. Phillips,  
Springfield.

Corresponding Secretary,

Mrs. L. P. Powers.

Recording Secretary,

Mrs. L. W. Kirkham.

Treasurer,

Mrs. W. L. Wilcox.

Registrar,

Mrs. M. J. Seymour.

## MICHIGAN.

State Regent,

*Detroit Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. F. Edwards,  
371 Congress street.

## MINNESOTA.

State Regent,

Mrs. R. M. Newport,  
217 Summit avenue, St. Paul.*Minneapolis Chapter.*

Regent,

Miss M. A. Cruikshank,  
San Angelo Hotel.

Secretary,

Mrs. A. B. Jackson,  
1623 Third avenue.

Registrar,

Mrs. G. Christian,  
404 South Eighth street.

*St. Paul Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. J. Q. Adams, 3 Crocus Hill.
Secretary,	Mrs. F. E. Foster, 832 Osceola avenue.
Registrar,	Mrs. J. W. Edgerton, 646 Portland avenue.
Treasurer,	Mrs. C. E. Riggs, 595 Dayton avenue.
Chaplain,	Mrs. J. Johnstone, 245 Selby avenue.

## MISSOURI.

State Regent,	Mrs. F. M. Cockrell, 1518 R street N. W., Washington, D. C.
---------------	--

*Jefferson City Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. T. O. Towles, Jefferson City.
---------	---------------------------------------

*St. Louis Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. J. O. Fallen, 3639 Olive street.
---------	--

## MISSISSIPPI.

State Regent

*Grenada Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. J. W. Buchanan, Grenada.
---------	----------------------------------

*Natchez Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss A. Q. Lovell, Natchez.
---------	--------------------------------

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

State Regent,	Mrs. A. Clarke, 99 Lowell street, Manchester.
---------------	--

Honorary Regents,	{ Mrs. P. C. Cheney, Concord.
	{ Mrs. E. H. Rollins, Manchester.

*Dover Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. C. H. Sawyer, Dover.
---------	------------------------------

*Farmington Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. A. C. Waldron,  
Farmington.

*Manchester Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. G. B. Chandler,  
Manchester.

*Portsmouth Chapter.*

Regent, Miss E. Morison,  
Portsmouth.

## NEW JERSEY.

State Regent, Mrs. W. W. Shippen,  
14 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Honorary Regents, { Mrs. J. W. Rivere,  
Morristown.  
Mrs. E. H. Wright,  
Newark.

*Bound Brook Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. J. Olendorf,  
Bound Brook.

*Cape May Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. D. K. Powell,  
1141 Connecticut avenue, Washington, D. C., and Cape May.

*Elizabeth Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. M. N. Putnam,  
219 South Broad street.

*Montclair Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. F. C. Sullivan,  
226 Orange Road.

*Morristown Chapter.*

Regent, Miss H. Holdich,  
76 Washington street.

*Nova Cæsarea Chapter, Newark.*

Regent, Mrs. D. A. Depue,  
21 East Park street.  
Secretary, Mrs. R. F. Stevens,  
39 South Arlington avenue, East Orange.  
Registrar, Mrs. D. W. C. Mather,  
Bound Brook.



*Princeton Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. J. T. Swann,  
Princeton.

*Plainfield Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. R. A. Burnett,  
75 Hillside avenue.

*Salem Chapter.*

Regent, Miss E. Mecum,  
Salem.

## NEW YORK.

State Regent, Miss L. W. McAllister,  
16 West Thirty-sixth street, New York City.  
Honorary Regents { Mrs. S. Hamilton,  
40 West Fifty-ninth street, New York City.  
Mrs. L. R. Pitkin,  
74 East avenue, Rochester.

*Buffalo Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. M. N. Thompson,  
313 Delaware avenue.  
Vice-Regents, { Mrs. M. A. Noyes,  
31 Cottage street.  
Mrs. A. L. Wychoff,  
482 Delaware avenue.  
Mrs. E. S. Rogers,  
307 North street.  
Mrs. D. A. Avery,  
11 Niagra Square.  
Secretary, Mrs. M. H. S. Lee,  
569 West Ferry street.  
Treasurer, Mrs. S. B. Chisholm,  
23 Irving Place.  
Registrar, Mrs. J. A. Sheeman,  
455 Delaware avenue.  
Historian,

*Cooperstown Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. A. C. Turner,  
Cooperstown.

*Geneva Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. A. E. S. Martin,  
South Main street.

*Ithica Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. H. D. Ireland,  
64 North Cayuga street.

*Little Falls Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. M. H. Willard,  
Little Falls.

*New York City Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. R. O. Doremus,  
241 Madison avenue.  
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. Le Due.  
Recording Secretary, Mrs. D. McLean,  
186 Lenox avenue.  
Treasurer, Miss M. V. B. Vanderpoël,  
139th street and Seventh avenue.  
Registrar, Mrs. J. P. Kernochan.

*Rochester Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. C. C. Little,  
397 East avenue.

*Se-rach-la-gue Chapter, Saratoga.*

Regent, Miss K. Batcheller,  
Saratoga.

*Utica Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. Roscoe Conkling,  
Rutger Place, Utica.  
Secretary, Miss A. H. Sheffield,  
42 Cottage street.  
Treasurer, Miss C. Gridey,  
21 Hopper street.  
Registrars, { Miss G. Dinson,  
357 Genesee street.  
Miss C. Gridley,  
21 Hopper street.  
Historian, Miss B. Miller,  
Whitesboro.

*Wiltwyck Chapter, Kingston.*

Regent, Miss M. I. Forsyth,  
Kingston.  
Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. Livingston.  
Recording Secretary, Mrs. P. Eltinge.  
Treasurer, Miss S. C. Bernard.  
Registrar, Mrs. A. V. V. Kenyon.  
Historian, Mrs. M. H. Burhans.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

State Regent, Mrs. M. McK. Nash,  
Newberne.

*Asheville Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. J. Martin,  
Asheville.

*Raleigh Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. A. Jones,  
Raleigh.

## OHIO.

State Regent, Mrs. A. H. Hinkle,  
77 Pike street, Cincinnati.

*Mt. Auburn Chapter, Cincinnati.*

Regent, Mrs. B. Arnold,  
Auburn Hotel.  
Vice-Regent, Mrs. J. Conner.  
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. B. Morehead.  
Recording Secretary,  
Treasurer, Mrs. L. Le Buitellier.  
Registrar, Mrs. R. Carroll.  
Historian, Miss Goodman.

*Western Reserve Chapter, Cleveland.*

Regent, Mrs. E. M. Avery,  
657 Woodland Hills.  
Vice-Regent, Mrs. F. A. Kendall,  
57 Cornell street.  
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. J. Lee,  
341 Prospect street.  
Treasurer, Mrs. P. H. Babcock,  
1694 Euclid avenue.  
Registrar, Mrs. G. W. Little,  
196 Russell avenue.  
Historian, Mrs. G. V. R. Wickham,  
242 Harkness avenue.

*Youngstown Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. R. W. Taylor,  
626 Wick avenue.

## OREGON.

State Regent,

Mrs. J. B. Montgomery,  
"The Shoreham," Washington, D. C.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

State Regent,

Mrs. N. B. Hogg,  
78 Church avenue, Allegheny City.*Liberty Bell Chapter, Allentown.*

Regent,

Miss M. F. Mickley,  
Mickleys, Lehigh county.

Corresponding Secretary,

Mrs. T. W. Saeger,  
113 South Fourth street, Allentown.

Recording Secretary,

Mrs. F. Kohler,  
838 Hamilton street, Allentown.

Treasurer,

Miss A. G. Saeger,  
Allentown.

Registrar,

Miss A. D. Mickley,  
Mickleys,

Historian,

Miss M. Richards.  
394 Union street, Allentown.*Clinton County Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. L. A. Scott.

*Donegal Chapter, Columbia.*

Regent,

Miss L. S. Evans,  
Columbia.*Danville County Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. S. E. Lightner,  
Danville.

Vice-Regent,

Mrs. H. Carpenter,  
28 South Queen street, Lancaster.

Corresponding Secretary,

Miss E. J. Slaymaker,  
162 East King street, Lancaster.

Recording Secretary,

Miss S. R. Slaymaker,  
Lancaster.

Treasurer,

Miss M. J. Wiley,  
Bainbridge, Lancaster county.

Registrar,

Mrs. H. M. North,  
Columbia.

*Duncannon Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. S. T. Wister,  
Duncannon.

*Lycoming County Chapter.*

Regent, Miss H. G. Johnson,  
901 West Fourth street, Williamsport.

*Montgomery County Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. W. H. Holstein,  
Bridgeport.

*Montour County Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. E. N. Lightner,  
Danville.

*Perry County Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. J. Wister,  
Duncannon.

*Philadelphia Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. E. I. Smith,  
1618 Spruce street, Philadelphia.  
Corresponding Secretary, Miss S. I. Forbes,  
1704 Walnut street.  
Recording Secretary, Miss H. Hubbell,  
1711 Walnut street.  
Treasurer, Mrs. H. Hoopes,  
125 North Thirty-third street.  
Registrar, Mrs. H. Gilpin,  
260 South Fifteenth street.

*Pittsburgh Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. A. H. Childs,  
Amberson avenue, Shadyside, Pittsburgh.  
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. V. Messler,  
Fifth avenue, Shadyside, Pittsburgh.  
Recording Secretary, Miss S. O. Burgwin,  
Hasell Hill, Hazelwood, Pittsburgh.  
Treasurer, Miss K. C. McKnight,  
Killbuck, Western avenue, Allegheny.  
Registrar, Miss J. M. Harding,  
59 Allegheny avenue, Allegheny.  
Historian, Miss M. O'H. Darlington,  
Guysuta, West Pennsylvania Railroad, Allegheny county.

*Berks County Chapter, Reading.*

Regent,	Mrs. W. M. Weidman, 214 South Fifth street, Reading.
Secretary,	Mrs. H. L. Smith.
Treasurer,	Mrs. A. H. Tyson.
Registrar,	Mrs. W. R. McIlvain.
Assistant Registrars,	{ Miss M. L. Owens.
Historian,	{ Miss A. R. Jones. Miss M. Cushman.

*Chester County Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. Harper, West Chester.
---------	----------------------------------

*Clinton County Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. L. A. Scott, Lock Haven.
---------	----------------------------------

*Sunbury Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss M. Shuman, Sunbury, Northumberland county.
Secretary,	Miss H. Alexander.
Treasurer,	Mrs. M. C. Greenough.
Registrar,	Mrs. F. Van Alen.

*Union County Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. C. S. Wolf, Lewisburg.
---------	--------------------------------

*Venango County Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. S. F. McCalmont, Franklin.
---------	------------------------------------

*Warren County Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. L. W. Cowan, Warren.
---------	------------------------------

*Washington County Chapter, Washington.*

Regent,	Mrs. H. C. Beatty, 125 West Wheeling street, Washington.
Corresponding Secretary,	Mrs. M. M. Crumrine.
Recording Secretary,	Miss F. E. Baird.
Treasurer,	Mrs. M. W. Happer.
Registrar,	Mrs. L. W. Hazlett.
Historian,	Miss N. Sherrard.

*Wyoming Valley Chapter, Wilkes-Barre.*

Regent,	Mrs. W. H. McCartney, 120 South River street.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. S. Woodward, 31 South River street.
Recording Secretary,	Miss E. M. Bowman, 58 South street.
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss M. C. Tubbs, Kingston, Luzerne county.
Treasurer,	Miss S. Sharpe, 25 West River street.
Registrar,	Miss M. A. Sharpe, 25 West River street.
Historian,	Mrs. C. E. Rice, 147 South Franklin street.

*York County Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss L. D. Black, York.
---------	----------------------------

## RHODE ISLAND.

State Regent,	Miss A. S. Knight, 366 Broadway, Providence.
Honorary Regents,	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; line-height: 1; padding: 0 5px;">{</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">           Mrs. W. R. Talbot,            Mrs. W. Ames,            121 Power street, Providence.         </div> </div>

*Bristol Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. M. Williams, Bristol.
Secretary,	Miss F. DeWolf.
Treasurer,	Miss C. B. May.
Registrar,	Miss C. M. Shepard.

*Gaspee Chapter, Providence.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. G. Durfee, 122 Hope street.
Secretary and Registrar,	Miss A. W. Stockbridge, 257 Benefit street.
Treasurer,	Miss J. L. Mauran, 73 Butler avenue.

*Pawtucket Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. E. M. Thornton, Pawtucket.
Secretary,	Mrs. D. C. Sayles.
Treasurer,	Miss L. L. Hill.
Registrar,	Mrs. A. H. Park.

*Woonsocket Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss A. Metcalf, Woonsocket.
Secretary,	Mrs. L. M. Cook.
Treasurer,	Mrs. S. B. C. Ballou.
Registrar,	Miss M. C. Larned, Wellesley College.

## SOUTH CAROLINA.

State Regent,	Mrs. J. E. Bacon, 125 Sumter street, Columbia.
Honorary Regent,	Mrs. J. P. Richardson, Panola.

*Abbeville Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. W. Smith, Abbeville.
---------	---------------------------------

*Columbia Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. C. Waring, 81 Laurel street.
Secretary,	Mrs. E. Screven.
Treasurer,	Mrs. F. Kendall.
Historian,	Miss E. S. Elmore.

*Union County Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. E. B. Munro, Union.
---------	-----------------------------

*Lancaster Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss A. E. Witherspoon, Lancaster.
---------	---------------------------------------

*Winnsboro Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss L. P. McMaster, Winnsboro.
---------	------------------------------------



## TENNESSEE.

State Regent, Mrs. M. S. Mathes,  
29 Cynthia Place, Memphis.

*Knoxville Chapter.*

Regent, Miss M. B. Temple,  
Knoxville.

*Dolly Madison Chapter No. 2, Memphis.*

Regent, Mrs. A. R. Watson,  
Memphis.

*Nashville Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. E. H. East,  
303, High and Union streets.

## TEXAS.

State Regent,

*Austin Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. J. B. Clark,  
University, Austin.

*Denison Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. G. Patrick,  
Denison.

*El Paso Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. M. C. Bridges,  
El Paso.

*Galveston Chapter.*

Regent, Mrs. S. T. Fontaine,  
1004, Market and Tenth streets.

## VERMONT.

State Regent,

Mrs. J. Burdett,  
Arlington.

Honorary Regents,

{ Mrs. M. E. Baxter,  
Rutland.  
Mrs. A. S. Peck,  
Burlington.

*Arlington Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. E. D. Stone,
	East Arlington.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. A. Buck.
Secretary,	Mrs. M. L. West.
Treasurer,	Miss F. G. West.
Registrar,	Miss E. McAuley.
Historian,	Miss I. C. Nichols.

*Bennington Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. L. Norton,
	Bennington.

*Brandon Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. F. J. Ormsbee,
	Brandon.

*Green Mountain Chapter No. 2, Brattleboro.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. G. Cobb,
	Brattleboro.

*Green Mountain Chapter No. 1, Burlington.*

Regent,	Mrs. B. B. Smalley,
	Burlington.

*Montpelier Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. T. Newcomb,
	Montpelier.

*Ann Story Chapter, Rutland.*

Regent,	Mrs. S. S. Clements.
Secretary,	Mrs. M. J. Francisco.
Treasurer,	
Registrar,	
Historian,	

*St. Johnsbury Chapter.*

Regent,	Miss F. Bissell.
	St. Johnsbury.

## VIRGINIA.

State Regent,	Mrs. W. W. Henry,
	415 West Franklin street, Richmond.
Honorary Regent,	Mrs. M. H. Drewry,
	Westover, Charles county.

*Culpeper Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. Greene,
	Culpeper.

*Albemarle Chapter, Charlottesville.*

Regent,	Mrs. M. E. S. Smith, Charlottesville.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. B. Randolph.
Corresponding Secretary,	Mrs. F. A. Massie.
Recording Secretary,	Mrs. A. H. Tuttle.
Treasurer,	Mrs. W. Ficklin.
Registrar,	Mrs. W. Thornton.
Historian,	Miss C. Taylor.

*Mount Vernon Chapter, Clifton Station.*

Regent,	Miss S. R. Hetzel, Clifton Station, Fairfax county.
Vice-Regents,	Miss M. L. Lloyd, Alexandria.
	Mrs. J. W. B. Moran,
	Mrs. A. S. Green.
Secretary,	Miss R. Powell, 228 South Washington street, Alexandria.
Treasurer,	Mrs. S. B. Blackburn, North Washington street, Alexandria.
Registrar,	Miss E. S. Washington.

*Lynchburg Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. B. W. Hammer, Lynchburg.
---------	----------------------------------

*Old Dominion Chapter, Richmond.*

Regent,	Mrs. J. H. Dooley, Richmond.
Vice-Regent,	Mrs. L. M. Pleasants.
Corresponding Secretary,	Mrs. B. Purcell.
Recording Secretary,	Mrs. T. G. Peyton.
Treasurer,	Mrs. A. C. Bruce.
Registrar,	Mrs. J. Lyons.
Assistant Registrar,	Miss M. M. P. Newton.
Historian,	Mrs. J. B. Baylor.

*Staunton Chapter.*

Regent,	Mrs. A. T. Robertson, Staunton.
---------	------------------------------------

## WISCONSIN.

State Regent,	Mrs. J. S. Peck, 5 Waverly Place, Milwaukee.
	Mrs. M. H. Carpenter,
Honorary Regents,	557 Van Buren street, Milwaukee.
	Mrs. E. V. Kimberly, Janesville.

*La Crosse Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. A. Cameron,  
424 South Fourth street.*Madison Chapter.*

Regent,

Miss M. L. Atwood,  
204 Monroe avenue.*Milwaukee Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. T. W. Yates,  
"The Plankinton," Milwaukee.Secretary,  
Treasurer,  
Registrar,Mrs. H. Townsend.  
Mrs. D. J. Whittemore.  
Mrs. W. L. Mason.*Oshkosh Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. E. P. Sawyer,  
Oshkosh.

## WASHINGTON.

State Regent,

*Tacoma Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. C. W. Griggs,  
401 Tacoma avenue, north.

## WEST VIRGINIA.

State Regent,

Mrs. E. H. Goff,  
Clarksburg.

## WYOMING.

State Regent,

*Cheyenne Chapter.*

Regent,

Mrs. G. W. Baxter,  
Cheyenne.

NOTE.—Much labor has been expended in an effort to make this Directory full and accurate; yet there will doubtless be some errors and omissions, which it is hoped readers will assist us in correcting.—EDITOR.

,  
l.

f,  
g.

er,  
ne.

his  
and  
or.